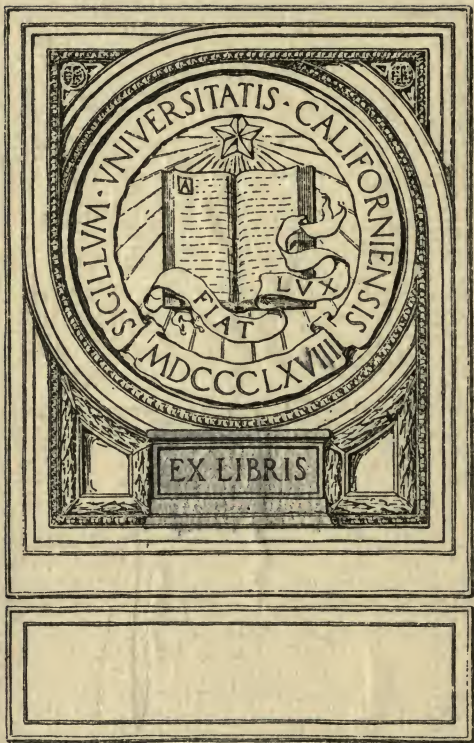


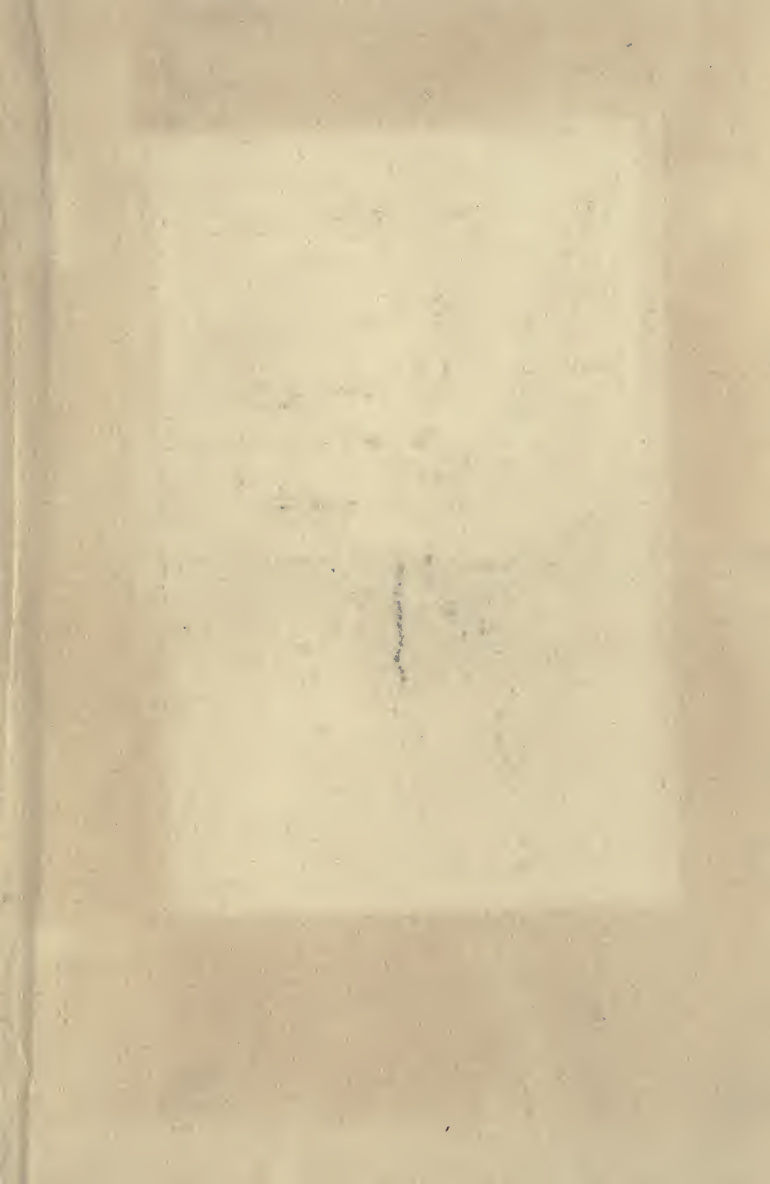
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CITIES AND SIGHTS OF SPAIN



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CATHEDRAL, LEON, FROM THE S.W.

CITIES AND SIGHTS OF SPAIN

A HANDBOOK FOR TOURISTS

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND, *E A F*
(MRS. MAIN)¹

AUTHOR OF "TRUE TALES OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR



LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS
PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

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TO ALL
APPROPRIATE

CHISWICK PRESS —CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

TO MY MOTHER,
WHOSE SYMPATHETIC INTEREST HAS EVER BEEN
MY GREATEST INCENTIVE TO BRING
BACK SOME RECORD OF
MY TRAVELS,
I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

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PREFACE

THERE is a Spain of brigand-infested roads, of impossible hotels, of every discomfort which the traveller can meet with. Of this Spain I know nothing, for it is the Spain of yesterday.

But though of yesterday it lingers still in people's minds, and many to whom a tour in Spain would be even more delightful than one in Italy, fear that the country is really too uncomfortable for the ordinary traveller.

The following pages, written after three journeys, amounting together to about 6,000 miles, will show what I think of Spain of to-day, and my object in putting this book together has been to place in the hands of those who propose visiting Spain a supplement to the guide books they will carry.

To see Spain intelligently, it has been necessary to take with one a perfect library. I am anxious to enable travellers to dispense, while on the spot, with the greater number of these books, and I have attempted in a small way to do for some of the towns of Spain that which other writers have done so admirably for France and Italy. I have not described any place I have not myself visited, but I hope in future years to see many more of the towns of Spain. I cannot claim to have given a full account of the manners and customs of Spaniards, a complete knowledge of which is only possible after a lengthened residence in the country. I have only described what may be

seen by anyone who makes the most of his opportunities while taking a tour through the peninsula.

I shall feel extremely grateful if any travellers using this book will let me have such corrections or suggestions as may occur to them, if the result of their personal observation and experience. A letter addressed to me to 67, The Drive, Brighton, will always find me.

For very much useful help, especially in reading the proof sheets of this book, I am indebted to the Rev. John and Mrs. Bailey. I have also to thank Mr. Henry Mayhew of the British Museum for valuable assistance, and Mr. Reddan of the Foreign Office, and many others, some of whom are personally unknown to me. I must also insist on expressing my gratitude to my friend and publisher, Mr. Edward Bell, whose advice has saved me from more than one blunder.

The names of places in Spain are spelt as in the railway time table.

The map has been compiled with special reference to the routes indicated. Both the 50 cent. railway guide and the one sold at 1 peseta contain small maps; the latter guide is to be preferred for its clearer type. The illustrations are from photographs by the author except when otherwise stated. The architectural drawings are by Mr. C. E. Mallows of Bedford.

Since this little book first appeared, repeated visits to Spain have but confirmed me in my opinion that no other part of Europe offers so varied and attractive a field to nearly every type of traveller. I am glad to have an opportunity of making a few necessary corrections, and shall be indebted to any traveller who points out errors which may remain.

E. LE BLOND.

May, 1904.

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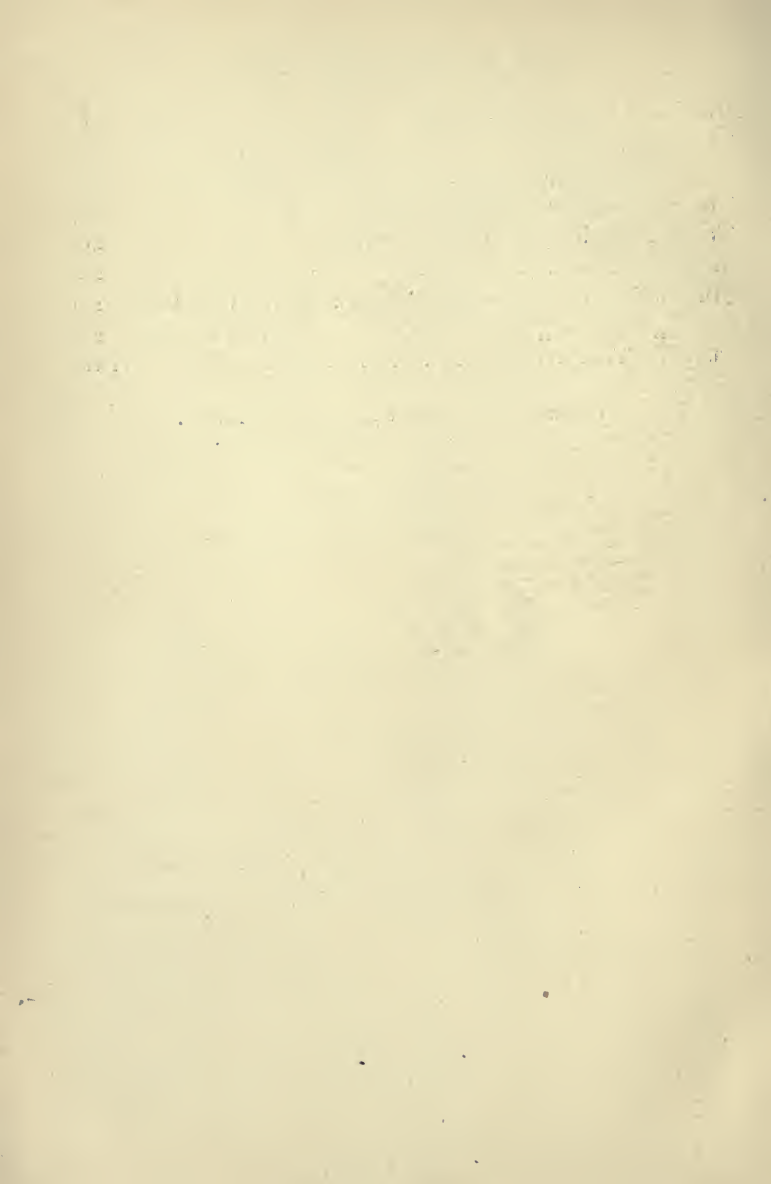
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* Illustrations thus marked are not by the Author.



ERRATA

- P. 8, l. 4 from below, *for del read de.*
- P. 17, l. 18, *for ventanos read ventanas.*
- P. 23, l. 4 from below, *omit "If a Sunday or Thursday."*
- P. 49, l. 3 from below, *for por read para.*
- P. 65, l. 12 from below, *for trasborder read trasbordar.*
- P. 107, l. 4, *for des read de.*
- P. 116, l. 4, *for Rayes read Reyes.*
- P. 117, l. 1, *delete the reference to the Inquisition.*
- P. 125, l. 4, *for violà read voilà.*
- P. 151, l. 5, *for Asile read Asilo.*
- P. 169, l. 4, *for miradors read miradores.*
- P. 195, and elsewhere, *for Nicholas read Nicolas.*



CITIES AND SIGHTS OF SPAIN

HOW TO GET TO SPAIN.

THE guide-books give full particulars, but I may briefly say—

By train :

From Paris to the frontier at Irun, in $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours by Sud-Express daily, or in 14 hours by ordinary express (1st class only). This route takes one to the north of Spain, and the first halt had better be at Burgos. The Sud-Express is composed exclusively of wagons-lit and dining cars. The supplemental fare is 50 per cent. on the ordinary 1st class fare. This train leaves Paris for Madrid daily at 12.12 p.m. (Gare d'Orleans) returning from Madrid daily at 7.40 p.m.

From Paris to the Frontier at Port-Bou.—In 12 hours by the “Rapide” from Paris to Avignon, and thence in 7 hours to Port-Bou, *viâ* Tarascon and Nîmes. Travellers from the south of France join this route at Tarascon.

By sea :

To Bilboa, Cadiz, or Gibraltar, if coming from England ;

or to any of the Mediterranean ports if from Marseilles. The coasting steamers in the Mediterranean are all right for men, but there are no private cabins. These boats unload their cargo during the day and sail by night.

One of the first actions of a traveller on entering Spain should be to purchase a railway time table.

Circular Tickets.—These are admirably arranged and very reasonable in price. They can be commenced at any station. Semicircular Tickets, beginning at one frontier station and ending at another are also issued.

A programme of these tickets is published at Madrid and is obtainable at most railway stations. The “Guia,” or Railway Time Table, also contains full particulars.

Thos. Cook and Son will now procure these tickets, if a week’s notice be given at any of their London offices; but in some cases it may be convenient, before the traveller decides on any particular itinerary, for him to write in advance to Messrs. Cook for a list of circular tours. From this it will be easy to make a selection to suit any purse and to cover any length of time.

On obtaining one of the neat little pamphlets issued in Madrid the traveller will have no difficulty in understanding it. Each tour is set out on a page by itself. The itinerary, price, distance traversed and duration of ticket are clearly given, as well as a list of other places to which supplementary tickets are obtainable if required. Each supplementary ticket gives the right to an extension of time. On the opposite page of the pamphlet is a map with the tour marked by a heavy line, and the possible extensions by thin lines, while dotted lines show alternate routes permitted by the ticket.

I give (on pp. 4-7) a facsimile of the description in the “Itinerarios” of one of my tickets, and have added immediately after

it the prices of supplementary tickets. The traveller can easily calculate the exact sum the tour will cost him.

When he has decided, he should make a note of the route and price and show this at the booking office of the station where he wishes to commence his tour. Circular and semi-circular tickets are now kept on hand at Irun, Port-Bou, and all large stations.

Should an extra tax be chargeable on the ticket, the sum will be mentioned in the "Guia" and a note of the amount is always posted near the booking office.

I strongly advise these tickets being used because :

1. They are extremely economical.
2. They enable the journey to be broken at any point.
3. They obviate the continual taking of fresh tickets.

Circular tickets must be stamped at the ticket office at the commencement of each journey.

6.º ITINERARIO DE LA 1.ª SÉRIE

Frontera de Port-Bou-Cerbère—Gerona—Barcelona—Tarragona—Castellon—Sagunto—Valencia—Encina—Chinchilla—Alcázar—Córdoba—Bobadilla—Granada—Bobadilla—Málaga—La Roda—Utrera—Sevilla—Tocina—Mérida—Badajoz—Mérida—Ciudad-Real—Algodor—Madrid—El Escorial—Avila—Medina del Campo—Valladolid—Burgos—Vitoria—San Sebastian—Alsasua—Vitoria—Miranda—Logroño—Castejon—Zaragoza—Caspe—Reus—Villanueva y Geltrú—Barcelona—Gerona—Frontera de Cerbère-Port-Bou.

Los viajeros tienen la facultad de permutar [A.]¹

El trayecto Sevilla-Tocina-Mérida-Badajoz-Mérida-Ciudad-Real-Algodor-Madrid, por el de Sevilla-Córdoba-Alcazar-Aranjuez-Madrid;

El trayecto Madrid-Escorial-Avila-Medina del Campo, por el de Madrid-Segovia-Medina del Campo;

El trayecto Alsasua-Vitoria-Miranda-Logroño-Castejon, por el de Alsasua-Pamplona-Castejon;

Y el trayecto Zaragoza-Caspe-Reus-Villanueva y Geltrú-Barcelona, por el de Zaragoza-Lérida-Manresa-Barcelona, siempre que se pida la permutacion de este trayecto en el acto de tomar el billete.

En el recorrido de la frontera á Barcelona y de Barcelona á Tarragona ó vice-versa, puede hacerse el viaje indistintamente por la vía del interior ó por la del litoral. [B.]¹

Precio del billete....	{	1.ª clase, pesetas 308,05
		2.ª idem „ 230,95
		3.ª idem „ 150,35

Duracion, 60 dias

Recorrido, 4.247 kilóm.

Cuando el viajero desee recorrer los trayectos de Alicante á Murcia y de Murcia á Cartagena, podrá permutar el trayecto de Encina á Chinchilla por el de Encina á Alicante, completando el itinerario con un billete adicional que elegirá á su voluntad entre los dos siguientes: [C.]¹ Alicante á Murcia, Murcia á Cartagena y Cartagena á Chinchilla; ó Alicante á Murcia y Murcia á Chinchilla.

El viaje puede empezar en cualquier punto del itinerario. [D.]¹

¹ These letters refer to the translation, page 7.

Trayectos que se pueden agregar á este itinerario.

TRAYECTOS	Kiló- metros	PRECIOS			DURACION que se aumentará al plazo del itinerario fijo
		1.ª clase	2.ª clase	3.ª clase	
		Pesetas	Pesetas	Pesetas	
Compañía de Madrid á Zaragoza y á Alicante					
De Madrid á Toledo y regreso, ó de Toledo á Madrid y re- greso (por vía directa ó por vía Aranjuez).....	166	11,50	8,85	5,65	5 días
De Aranjuez á Cuenca y regreso, ó de Cuenca á Aranjuez y re- greso.....	304	21,00	15,80	9,50	5 días
De Encina á Alicante y regreso, ó de Alicante á Encina y re- greso.....	158	10,95	8,50	5,25	5 días
De Sevilla á Huelva y regreso, ó de Huelva á Sevilla y regreso	220	16,75	13,00	8,00	5 días
De Aljucen á Cáceres y regreso, ó de Cáceres á Aljucen y re- greso.....	132	11,00	8,25	5,55	5 días
De Valladolid á La Vid y re- greso, ó de La Vid á Valladolid y regreso.....	240	16,60	12,45	8,30	5 días
Compañías de Madrid á Zaragoza y á Alicante y Andaluces					
De Alicante á Murcia, de Mur- cia á Cartagena y de Cartagena á Chinchilla, ó vice-versa.....	367	25,40	19,60	12,20	10 días
De Alicante á Murcia y de Mur- cia á Chinchilla, ó vice-versa..	238	16,45	12,70	8,00	5 días
Compañía de Andaluces					
De Sevilla á Cádiz y regreso, ó de Cádiz á Sevilla y regreso, comprendiendo en este recor- rido el trayecto de ida y vuelta entre Sevilla y el Empalme de Sevilla.....	318	22,70	16,65	10,00	5 días

TRAYECTOS	Kiló- metros	PRECIOS			DURACION que se aumentará al plazo del itinerario fijo
		1. ^a clase	2. ^a clase	3. ^a clase	
		— <i>Pesetas</i>	— <i>Pesetas</i>	— <i>Pesetas</i>	

Compañía de Bobadilla á Algeciras

De Bobadilla á Algeciras y regreso, ó de Algeciras á Bobadilla y regreso.....	354	26,90	20,20	12,25	5 días
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Compañía del Norte

De Granollers á San Juan de las Abadesas y regreso, ó de San Juan de las Abadesas á Granollers y regreso.....	174	12,10	9,10	5,50	5 días
De Barcelona á San Juan de las Abadesas y regreso, ó de San Juan de las Abadesas á Barcelona y regreso.....	232	16,05	12,10	7,30	5 días
De Tardienta á Jaca y regreso, ó de Jaca á Tardienta y regreso.	266	16,60	12,45	8,85	5 días
De Valencia á Utiel y regreso, ó de Utiel á Valencia y regreso.	176	12,20	9,50	5,90	5 días
De Carcagente á Denia y regreso, ó de Denia á Carcagente y regreso.....	134	8,10	5,35	3,50	5 días
De Venta de Baños á Coruña y regreso, ó de Coruña á Venta de Baños y regreso.....	1.116	62,00	46,50	27,95	10 días
De Venta de Baños á Santander y regreso, ó de Santander á Venta de Baños y regreso.....	460	35,65	25,30	14,35	10 días
De Venta de Baños á Gijon y regreso, ó de Gijon á Venta de Baños y regreso.....	608	40,25	29,70	18,30	10 días

TRAYECTOS	Kiló- metros	PRECIOS			DURACION que se aumentará al plazo del itinerario fijo
		1. ^a clase	2. ^a clase	3. ^a clase	
		Pesetas	Pesetas	Pesetas	

Compañía del Norte—continued.

De Venta de Baños á Coruña, de Coruña á Leon, de Leon á Gijon y de Gijon á Venta de Baños, ó vice-versa.....	1.458	86,30	64,20	39,00	15 días
De Miranda de Ebro á Bilbao y regreso, ó de Bilbao á Miranda de Ebro y regreso.....	208	14,40	10,80	6,50	5 días

Compañía de Medina del Campo á Salamanca

De Medina del Campo á Sala- manca y regreso, ó de Sala- manca á Medina del Campo y regreso.....	154	10,70	8,00	4,80	5 días
--	-----	-------	------	------	--------

The following is a translation of the conditions. The meaning of the rest of the itinerary is obvious.

- A. Travellers have the right to exchange the route for that of
- B. On the lines from the frontier to Barcelona and from Barcelona to Tarragona, travellers can take either the inland or coast lines.
- C. When the traveller desires to go from Alicante to Murcia, and from Murcia to Cartagena, he may exchange the route of Encina to Chinchilla for that of Encina to Alicante, completing the itinerary with an additional ticket, which allows him to choose between the two following: . . .
- D. The journey can be commenced at any point of the itinerary.

HOW TO SEE SPAIN.

A good idea of the country can be obtained in three visits of a month each. The usual plan of visiting only Burgos, Madrid, Escorial, Toledo, Cordoba, Sevilla and Granada is certain to give a false idea of the country and people, as it includes only those places which have been spoilt by tourists.

The Best Time of Year.—Spring or autumn. If the former it is best to go first to the south and work northwards; if the latter, to make the tour from north to south. It is well to remember, however, that both in spring and autumn the cold is more to be dreaded than the chance of a few hot days.

Conveyances.—Almost all travelling can be done by rail.

Luggage.—As little as possible, and if it is sufficiently small to travel in the carriage, so much the better; it will save much delay on arrival, and one need not go to the station so early. The amount of hand luggage which can be taken in a first-class carriage without any objection being made is very great. Each passenger can rely on being allowed a hold-all, a Gladstone bag, and a hand-bag.

Should the traveller occasionally wish to send luggage in advance, retaining only a hold-all (as when crossing Montserrat), he can have it despatched by passenger train. It is therefore well to have locks to all bags, as no unlocked luggage is accepted for registration.

Depositing Luggage.—Large stations have a left-luggage office. At smaller stations one can ask the station-master (Jefe del Estacion) to kindly permit one to deposit one's things in his office, or one can leave them at the railway buffet (Fonda). Registered luggage will be kept (for a small fee per day) till claimed.

Railway Regulations.—The notices in the railway carriages seem framed to meet every contingency. For instance, one is told that many stations contain a sort of ambulance department—stretchers, medicine-case, etc. I have seen the former all ready on the platform, manned by a couple of attendants, who I conclude were going through a sort of drill, for I never saw one actually in use.

An acquaintance with the following rules may be of service :

At the starting point of the train a passenger must occupy his seat if he wishes to keep it. But at other stations he can retain his right to it by depositing a piece of luggage on it : or should nothing be on it, and his fellow-travellers (in his absence) assert his right to it, it cannot be claimed by anyone else.

Every train must have a compartment for ladies only. It is absolutely forbidden for any gentleman, or for a boy over three years old, to enter this compartment, and the guard, in collecting tickets, must remain on the footboard and take them through the window.

On arrival of the train the name of the station and the duration of the halt must be called out in a clear voice.

The trains are certainly slow, the pace seldom exceeding twenty miles an hour. But the lines are badly laid, and directly the train runs for a short distance above its average sedate pace the shaking is most unpleasant. There is also another factor accounting for the length of time occupied by a railway journey, and one which guide-books do not seem to take into account. I refer to the stiff gradients the train has to surmount in so hilly and high-lying a country as Spain. For instance, the stations of Madrid and Avila are respectively 2,160 feet, and 3,655 feet, above sea level. They are by rail seventy miles apart, and at a point between them the line rises to a height of 4,500 feet ; in fact, nearly as high above sea as is Zermatt. Again, on the line

from Léon to Coruña, the former town being 2,625 feet above sea and the latter at sea level, the rail has still to rise to 3,300 feet before it descends. These are by no means solitary instances of the immense engineering difficulties which have been overcome in Spain within the last twenty years. The height above the mean level of the sea at Alicante is marked on a large oval iron plate at most stations.

I have never known a train more than three or four minutes behind time.

I have never seen any seats in first-class carriages "occupied by conductors of the train or even railway labourers" (Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal," page xv).

If the party includes ladies and is the first to occupy a non-smoking carriage, no one else is likely to get in, so it is wise to try and find an empty one.

Books.—The best guide books to Spain are Murray (which is really Ford's handbook brought up to date) and Baedeker, the first English edition of which was published in 1898. For anyone who wishes to travel out of the beaten track, Murray is indispensable, as he is able in his two volumes, devoted entirely to Spain, to describe in detail places which it is impossible for Baedeker in the compass of one volume, which includes both Spain and Portugal, to more than briefly mention.

If time allows before starting for Spain, it is well to read the following:

Street's "Gothic Architecture in Spain"; Riano's "Spanish Arts"; "Iron-work," by J. Starkie Gardner (the two latter belong to the South Kensington Museum Series of Art Handbooks); "Spain" (Story of the Nations Series); "The Cid" (Heroes of the Nations Series); "In Northern Spain," by Hans Gadow; "A Note-Book in Northern Spain," by Archer M. Huntington; Moore's "Gothic Architecture"; Borrow's

“The Bible in Spain” and “The Zincoli”; Ford’s “Handbook” (original edition); Stoddard’s “Spanish Cities”; Workman’s “Awheel in fin-de-siècle Iberia”; Elliot’s “Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain”; Washington Irving’s “Alhambra.”

If in doubt as to whether any particular place is worth a visit or not, it is a good plan to look it up in the “Panorama Nacional,” a work published at Barcelona, and consisting almost exclusively of large illustrations from photographs. The chief booksellers at the larger towns usually have it on sale. The complete work can, however, always be obtained from Miralles, 59 Calle de Bailen 70, Barcelona.

Clothing and Outfit.—Men will find a dark suit the least conspicuous, and ladies will do wisely to dress in black. The Englishwoman’s sailor hat, shirt and cloth skirt at once draw attention to the fact that she is a foreigner. The comments in a place like Sevilla are consequently unceasing; she must, for instance expect to be asked a dozen times during an afternoon’s stroll if she is aware that the Carnival is over. Very warm wraps should always be at hand as the climate is extremely variable. I have found that I sometimes needed warmer clothing at Sevilla in February than in the Engadine at that time of year.

It is well always to carry matches, as in many hotels they are not provided unless asked for.

A rubber or canvas bath is a necessity.

Hotel Conveyances.—There is never any difficulty in having luggage transported to hotels. In large towns the hotels send their own omnibuses to the station. In the less important towns the hotel porter is in attendance, and puts travellers into a railway omnibus. In very small places a porter from the station will arrange for the transport of luggage, and fetch it on leaving, if told which train it is intended to take.

Language.—English and French is spoken in all hotels frequented by foreign travellers ; but in other places nothing but Spanish is understood. By the latter, I mean towns like Mérida, Lugo, Léon, Venta de Baños, Tudela and Lérída. A little Spanish learnt before leaving home will be invaluable ; but there are just a few sentences which it is essential to know if one wishes, with a very small amount of trouble, to add enormously to one's comfort. They are :

Gracias	Thank you.
Digame usted	Please tell me.
Deme usted	Please give me.
Traigame ¹ usted	Please bring me.
Perdoneme usted	Pardon me.
Digame usted donde esta—?	Please tell me where is—?
Ida y vuelta	There and back (used in asking for a return ticket).

Manners.—It is desirable and customary to be extremely polite to everyone ; treating all, from the highest to the lowest, as one's equals. Travellers, no doubt unintentionally, have too frequently omitted to conform to this usage. As soon as, by one's politeness, one has disarmed the somewhat reserved and suspicious Spaniards, they will quit their defensive attitude with the best grace in the world, and prove to be a courteous, well-bred people, ready to do a service at some real trouble to themselves, and not unfrequently refusing the proffered reward.

“The Spanish standard of morals, of manners, of religion, of duty, of all the courtesies which are due from one person to another, however wide apart their rank, is a very different, and, in most of these points, a much higher standard than the English

¹ “Tray,” a common name for a dog. From the Spanish *traer*, to fetch (Brewer's “Dictionary of Phrase and Fable”).

one, and if an English traveller will not at least endeavour to come up to it, he had much better stop at home" ("Wanderings in Spain," by Augustus J. C. Hare, p. 7).

Spain is essentially a country where "one man may steal a horse but another may not look through the window." Behave pleasantly and one may do anything; browbeat a native, and difficulties will arise in every direction. It is true that Spain is composed of several totally different peoples, as different as are the English from the Irish, but in this respect I have found them all alike.

Expense.—During my second tour, a very careful account of expenditure was kept, and I found that for five weeks and three days in Spain the cost was £30; of this £12 was for my ticket. The tour began and ended at Port-Bou. I travelled first class throughout and went to the best hotels. Prices are generally by the day, and range from 25 pesetas at the Hotel de Paris, Madrid, and 17 pesetas at the Hotel Suiza, Cordoba, to a sum so small that one cannot believe any profit can be made. 12 pesetas 50 cents a day is a very usual price at first-class hotels. I paid this at Hotel Roma, Madrid, Hotel Castilla, Toledo, Hotel Continental, Barcelona, etc.; Hotel Madrid, Sevilla is 15 pesetas. These prices include lunch, dinner, wine, room, light, and attendance; sometimes coffee and bread and butter in the morning is an extra.

It will thus be seen that travelling in Spain is cheaper than in most other European countries.

Comfort and Hotels.—Taken all round, I have found Spain very comfortable. The best hotels are not equal to the best in France, but some of the small hotels are superior to those in France, and they are almost invariably very clean. The Hotel de Madrid at Sevilla is unquestionably the best in the country, and I have never found better food or cooking anywhere; while

so great is the zeal displayed in consulting English tastes, that fresh butter is daily obtained from Brittany. But even here some of the attributes of a first-class hotel are absent. The *salon* serves for reading, writing, conversation and smoking, while at *table d'hôte* all who do not wish to pay extra are placed at one table; a custom abandoned now at most of the best hotels of France and Switzerland. At Madrid, where I was very comfortable indeed, I was amused to notice that a basin, soap and towel were provided in the corner of the dining-room for the use of visitors. The ordinary Spanish *petit déjeuner* consists of a cup of nearly solid chocolate and a sweet cake. But one's *café au lait* is invariably provided with alacrity wherever one wishes. Thus at Madrid mine was laid for me in the *salon*, in front of the fire, which I thought a really excellent plan, though how it would answer if fifty other guests suddenly wanted it there too I can't say. I did not on a single occasion inquire the price on arriving at hotels, and this, I am told, was very foolish. However, as I never found I was paying more than others, my mind is still open on the subject. Of course on the rare occasions when I employed a professional guide I carefully ascertained his terms beforehand.

The food is usually—or according to my experience invariably—well cooked and abundant, and very few dishes are ruined by the addition of the detestable Spanish oil. Cow's milk can generally be had with the morning coffee, but it is well to specify that *leche de vaca* is required, giving notice the evening before, so that it may be procured in time. If a traveller does not like the table wine supplied, Rioja Clarete is a good and reasonable wine to order.

There are hotels at many railway stations, and should travellers arrive late at night it is well to bear this in mind.

Spanish towns appear to be cleaner than any I am elsewhere

acquainted with, and the perpetual whitewashing of the houses is only equalled by the whitening of the landscape, especially on Mondays and Tuesdays, covered as it everywhere is, for acres together, with spotless linen put out to dry.

Money.—Circular notes are best for the traveller to carry with him. Spanish money is usually met with in copper coins of 5 cents and 10 cents, silver coins of 1, 2 and 5 pesetas and notes of 25, 50 and 100 pesetas. In small places accounts are sometimes kept in reals; four of these go to a peseta. When at par, the peseta is worth the same as the French franc. Usually, however, there is a large premium on French and English gold and paper.

The best exchange is obtainable at large towns, such as Madrid, Barcelona and Sevilla. Railway officials are only required to accept foreign money at par. There are exchange offices in the frontier stations where full value is given for English and French money. It is impossible to change foreign money except at par in the smaller towns, and it is occasionally refused altogether. At the frontiers stations of Irun and Port Bou there is an exchange in the station, when full value is given for foreign money. In the spring of 1904 the rate of exchange was £1 = 34 pesetas. This premium on English money considerably lowers expenses for English people.

Photography.—Photography is permitted almost anywhere. No trouble will usually be experienced in changing plates at night, as most rooms have good shutters. A piece of non-actinic fabric and a few drawing pins will be found useful for covering the little window over the door by which a passage is often lit. Let me assure those unused to long tours with cameras in foreign countries, where they may never be again, that it is very easy to develop as one goes along. I carried half a dozen light unbreakable $7\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 dishes, two boxes of Andressen's eikonogen

cartridges, a bag of hypo, a folding candle-lantern, a couple of wide-mouthed bottles, a bib, a duster, and a large piece of mackintosh to lay over the table. These reposed peacefully at the bottom of a strong leather box, in company with many dozen of Lumiere's most rapid quarter plates and other trifles. I used one of Shew's "Xit" quarter plate cameras, and carried two Goetz lenses, one of six, the other of four inch focus. The latter was invaluable for architecture and interiors. A swing back and rising front are necessary. An aluminium stand proved thoroughly unworkmanlike; it was on the bayonet principle, and as sure as one division declined to pull out, another would get jarred and refuse to go in. Finally pieces of the legs took to dropping off like a frost-bitten nose. I used a light folding wooden tripod the next time. An exposure of about the thirtieth of a second with F 16 is right for a general view of the exterior of a building well lit by the sun of Spain. On my last visit to Spain I used Imperial plates, developed them at home, and obtained very satisfactory results.

Hotels: The following is a list of hotels to which I have been, and of which my experience was generally, but not in every case, favourable.

ALICANTE. Hotel Roma y Marina with lovely view over sea.

AVILA. Fonda-Inglés. Good rooms; very clean; civil people.

BARCELONA. Hotel Continental. Spanish, but excellent. Very difficult to get rooms.

Grand Hotel. Very good. French system.

BURGOS. Hotel Norte. Very good, and the nearest to Cathedral. The landlady speaks French.

CORDOBA. Hotel Suisa. Good, but absurdly expensive—17 pesetas per day.

CORUÑA. Hotel de France. Landlady speaks French.

ELCHE. Hotel Confianza. Entrance unpromising, but they have some excellent rooms and the food is good.

ESCORIAL. Fonda Miranda. Comfortable. French spoken.
GERONA. Fonda de los Italianos. Very comfortable. French spoken.

GIBRALTAR. Hotel Bristol. The best, and very comfortable.

GRANADA. Hotel Washington Irving. Close to Alhambra.

Price, 12.50 pesetas per day.

LÉON. Hotel Paris. Good food ; nice rooms ; civil landlord.

LÉRIDA. Fonda Suiza. Good food ; small rooms.

LUGO. Hotel Mendez Nuñez. Good.

MADRID. Hotel Roma. Good food ; obliging people. Civil and intelligent, English and French speaking Swiss interpreter and guide, Carlos Denzler. Reasonable prices, 12 to 15 pesetas a day.

MÉRIDA. Fonda Madrilena, Santa Eulalia 22. Good food ; clean ; but has only a few rooms with separate doors and with windows. As it is crowded by commercial travellers it is best to take rooms in advance, insisting that they must be "separado" and must have "ventanos."

MURCIA. Hotel Universal (formerly Paris). Very obliging Italian landlord. A good, reasonable hotel.

PALENCIA. Hotel Continental. Very good, and particularly civilized in all its arrangements.

PAMPLONA. Fonda la Perla. Good. A large house full of commercial travellers.

RONDA. Hotel America. Civil English landlord.

SALAMANCA. Hotel Comercio. Fine rooms, very good electric light.

ZARAGOZA. Hotel Universo. Good. English and French spoken.

SEGOVIA. Hotel Burgalese. Very bad. There are rooms at the railway station, where there is an excellent buffet, and the Hotel Comercio was warmly recommended to me.

SEVILLA. Hotel Madrid. Excellent, not expensive considering its class. 15 pesetas per day.

SANTIAGO. Hotel Suiza. Landlord speaks a little French. Good rooms.

TANGIER. Hotel Villa de France. Excellent; French and English spoken.

TARRAGONA. Hotel Paris. French spoken. They give an excellent lunch to take out for excursions.

TOLEDO. Hotel Castilla. First class. Prices, 12.50 pesetas per day. French spoken.

TUDELA. Fonda Union. Very clean. Nice airy rooms. Civil people. Absurdly cheap prices.

VALLADOLID. Hotel Francia. Comfortable.

VENTA DE BAÑOS. Hotel Barbotan. As good a little hotel as one could wish to meet. Nice garden.

VALENCIA. Hotel de Paris. French landlady. Good hotel and new building in course of construction. The Spagna no longer exists.

TIME TABLE FOR A CIRCULAR TOUR.

Subjoined is a list of the trains by which I travelled or intended to travel. In following my route all trains must be checked by the "Guia," but the following will give an idea of the length of time each journey occupies and may thus prove helpful.

There are numerous trains from Tarascon to Nîmes. The Paris "Rapide" does not stop at Tarascon, so must be quitted at Avignon and another train taken to Tarascon, where the direct line to Marseilles is left for that to Nîmes.

TIME TABLE FOR A CIRCULAR TOUR 19

If a little more time can be spent on the tour all the better. I have given the fewest number of days in which it is possible to see something of all the places mentioned.

1st day.

Nîmes	dep.	9.5 a.m.
Cette (change trains and lunch)	arr.	10.42 a.m.
	dep.	12.
Port-Bou (Spanish frontier)	arr.	3.15 p.m.
Here luggage is examined and 20 minutes halt made		
Gerona	arr.	5.5 p.m.

2nd day.

Gerona	dep.	5.9 p.m.
Barcelona	arr.	7.29 p.m.
Two nights here.		

4th day.

Barcelona	dep.	7.35 a.m.
Change at Monistrol.		
Montserrat	arr.	11.30 a.m.

5th day.

Take lunch. Drive in $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours to Martorell.		
See Devil's Bridge and Martorell	dep.	7.11 p.m.
San Vicente	arr.	8.56 p.m.
(Dine here and change)	dep.	9.53 p.m.
Tarragona	arr.	10.35 p.m.
Four nights here.		

6th day.

Visit Poblet taking lunch.		
Tarragona	dep.	7.30 a.m.
Espluga (for Poblet)	arr.	9.41 a.m.
Espluga	dep.	5.37 p.m.
Tarragona	arr.	7.29 p.m.

7th day.

Visit the Monastery of Santas Creus. The landlord will give information as to route.

19th day.

Tarragona	dep.	9.20 a.m.
Valencia	arr.	6.20 p.m.
Take lunch. Two nights here.		

10th day.

Visit Sagunto, taking lunch.

Valencia	dep.	12.30 p.m.
Sagunto	arr.	1.15 p.m.
Sagunto	dep.	5.25 p.m.
Valencia	arr.	6.20 p.m.

11th day.

Valencia	dep.	2.40 p.m.
Encina	arr.	7.0 p.m.
(Change and dine)	dep.	7.30 p.m.
Alicante	arr.	10.35 p.m.

12th day.

Drive in 2 hours to Elche (unless there is now a train at a rational hour), lunch at hotel, and

Elche	dep.	4.29 p.m.
Murcia	arr.	6.44 p.m.

13th and 14th days.

Murcia	dep.	3.53 p.m.
Chinchilla	arr.	9.20 p.m.
(Change and dine)	dep.	10.0 p.m.
Alcazar	arr.	2.10 a.m.
	dep.	2.35 a.m.
Espeluy	arr.	8.25 a.m.
(No change, breakfast)	dep.	8.35 a.m.
Cordoba	arr.	11.15 a.m.

15th day.

Cordoba	dep.	7.12 a.m.
Bobadilla	arr.	11.34 a.m.
(Change and lunch)	dep.	11.55 a.m.

TIME TABLE FOR A CIRCULAR TOUR

21

Granada arr. 6.9 p.m.
Three nights here.

18th day.

Granada dep. 7.0 a.m.
Bobadilla arr. 11.8 a.m.
(Change and lunch) dep. 11.55 a.m.
Gibraltar arr. 6.30 a.m.
Three nights here.

21st day.

Gibraltar dep. 8.40 a.m.
Ronda arr. 1.10 p.m.

22nd day.

Ronda dep. 9.40 a.m.
Bobadilla arr. 11.20 a.m.
(Change) dep. 11.35 a.m.
There is a through carriage from Bobadilla to Sevilla.
Sevilla arr. 6.1 p.m.
Take lunch from Ronda. Three nights here.

25th day.

Sevilla dep. 6.5 a.m.
Mérida arr. 3.35 p.m.
Take lunch from Sevilla. Two nights here.

27th and 28th days.

Mérida dep. 11.0 a.m.
Madrid arr. 5.40 a.m.
Halts *en route* for food. Four nights at Madrid.

29th day.

Visit Tolédo.
Madrid dep. 7.50 a.m.
Tolédo arr. 10.0 a.m.
Tolédo dep. 5.30 p.m.
Madrid arr. 7.55 p.m.
Several days should be spent at Tolédo.

30th day.

Madrid	dep. 7.20 a.m.
Segovia	arr. 11.42 a.m.

31st day.

Segovia	dep. 5.48 p.m.
Villalba	arr. 8.6 p.m.
(Change).	dep. 9.2 p.m.
Escorial	arr. 9.20 p.m.

32nd day.

Escorial	dep. 9.20 p.m.
Avila	arr. 11.36 p.m.

33rd day.

The usual trains from Medina to Salamanca are at such inconvenient hours (2.33 a.m. and 5.5 a.m.) that it is essential to quit Avila on either a Sunday or a Thursday. One can then use the Sud-Express as follows :

Avila	dep. 1.41 p.m.
Medina	arr. 4.19 p.m.
	dep. 6.38 p.m.
Salamanca	arr. 8.30 p.m.

Dine on board.

Two nights here.

35th day.

Quit Salamanca on a Wednesday or a Saturday, and again take the Sud-Express as follows :

Salamanca	dep. 8.58 a.m.
Valladolid	arr. 11.42 a.m.

Have breakfast on board.

36th day.

Valladolid	dep. 6.13 a.m.
Venta de Baños	arr. 7.12 a.m.
(Change).	dep. 7.34 a.m.
Léon	arr. 12.25 p.m.

TIME TABLE FOR A CIRCULAR TOUR 23

37th day.

Léon	dep. 7.0 a.m.
Lugo	arr. 4.45 p.m.

38th day.

Lugo	dep. 4.51 p.m.
Coruña	arr. 8.5 p.m.

39th day.

Drive in 7 hours to Santiago. Two nights there.

41st day.

Santiago	dep. 7.15 a.m.
Carril	arr. 8.50 a.m.

Coach to Pontevedra.

Pontevedra	dep. 5.5 p.m.
Orense	arr. 10.11 p.m.

42nd and 43rd days.

Orense	dep. 10.36 p.m.
Montfort	arr. 12.4 a.m.
(Change)	dep. 12.33 a.m.
Astorga	arr. 6.36 a.m.
	dep. 10.52 a.m.
Léon	arr. 12.18 p.m.

44th day.

Léon	dep. 7.7 p.m.
Palencia	arr. 10.38 p.m.

45th day.

Palencia	dep. 6.33 p.m.
Venta de Baños	arr. 6.50 p.m.

46th day.

If a Sunday or Thursday, take the Madrid Sud-Express as follows:

Venta	dep. 11.31 p.m.
Burgos	arr. 1.5 a.m.

If a Wednesday or Saturday, take the Lisbon Sud-Express as follows :

Venta dep. 12.52 p.m.

Burgos arr. 2.34 p.m.

Otherwise take the ordinary train :

Venta dep. 8.56 p.m.

Burgos arr. 12.2 a.m.

Three nights here.

49th day.

Burgos dep. 10.14 a.m.

(Lunch at Miranda.)

Alsasua arr. 4.42 p.m.

(Change) dep. 5.5 p.m.

Pamplona arr. 7.27 p.m.

50th day.

Pamplona dep. 2.22 p.m.

Tudela arr. 7.24 p.m.

51st day.

Tudela dep. 7.40 p.m.

Tarazona arr. 8.55 p.m.

52nd day.

Drive to Borja visiting Veruela.

Borja dep. 6.54 p.m.

Cortes arr. 7.5 p.m.

(Change) dep. 8.4 p.m.

Zaragoza arr. 10.10 p.m.

Two nights.

54th day.

Zaragoza dep. 6.54 a.m.

Manresa arr. 3.38 p.m.

dep. 6.25 p.m.

Barcelona arr. 9.25 p.m.



CLOISTER: SAN PEDRO, GERONA.

TO PORT-BOU.

Most English travellers enter Spain either from Biarritz by the northern line, or by one of the two southern lines to Barcelona. Let me advise, in approaching Spain by Paris and Lyons, a visit to Orange, Avignon, Arles and Nîmes *en route* if the traveller does not already know them.¹ Arles can be seen between two trains. The lovely cloisters and fine west door of St. Trophimus, the interesting Museum just opposite, the magnificent amphitheatre, the Rome-like forum, are they not all described in Henry James's delightful work, "A Little Tour in France"? The very curious Alyschamps, close to the town must

¹ "The Architecture of Provence and the Riviera," by David Macgibbon (David Douglas), will be found very helpful by travellers wishing to spend some time exploring this district.

not be forgotten. Two days should be spent at Nîmes, one for the place itself and the Pont du Gare, the other for the excursion to Aigues-Mortes.

Starting from Nîmes at 9 a.m. one is at Gerona for dinner. The first time I visited Spain, acting by the advice of those who had told me that it was not a "nice" country to travel in, and that the smaller towns were not "nice" for a woman alone to stop at, I went straight from Nîmes to Barcelona without pausing at Gerona. This was the first of several blunders caused by the erroneous ideas people had given me of Spain and Spaniards, blunders from which I shall be glad if I can save others.

The custom house at Port-Bou is not quite as are custom-houses on, say, the French and Italian frontiers. The officials, who doubtless shave every Sunday, but with whom it is always Saturday, wear very shabby uniforms and white gloves. The latter are necessary, for the luggage is searched most thoroughly. Then it is that the smoothly sliding two peseta piece will gain an extra five minutes for coffee, and save the entire repacking of one's garments. I cannot say, however, that in this I speak from personal experience.

A very noticeable feature of Spanish travel will be met with as soon as the frontier is reached. Every train is met at each station by two members of the Guardia Civil, or Civil Guard, who must not be confounded with the military or rural guard. A couple of them always travels in every train. They are a picked force and are a magnificent body of men. They are said—with truth, from all I could learn—to be quite incorruptible. Their prestige is immense, and two of them will disperse a crowd in an amazingly short time. For it is well known that they will not pause long before using their firearms, and if a member of the Civil Guard shoots, his right to do so is sure to be vindicated afterwards by his superior officers. Should travellers ever require

help in a place where there is no Consul of their own nationality, they may apply unhesitatingly to the Civil Guard.

GERONA.

The second time I visited Spain, emboldened by previous experience of the country, I took the opportunity of stopping at Gerona.

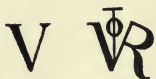
I reached the place just before dark, in time to get a glimpse of its fine position and picturesque streets. There were no porters on the platform and no obsequious tout from the hotel. In fact, I could not for some time discover if there was an omnibus, and it was not till a friendly Spaniard on the platform had volunteered (in English of sorts) to find the landlord of the Fonda de los Italianos that an elderly person of engaging manners, speaking French with fluency, and by name J. Antonio Lasoli, came forward and shouldered the baggage.

It was a somewhat steep drive to the hotel, which is in a central position and extremely comfortable, with spacious rooms, excellent food and pleasant, attentive people.

Gerona is hard to beat, both as to its picturesqueness and its architectural interest. The view of the river, overlooked by houses of all shapes and colouring, is fascinating. The buildings to be seen are of the first class.

All over Spain the outside of the walls of churches and other public buildings are covered with red marks. They usually bear as a heading the monogram of the word *Vitor*, thus

and these inscriptions are therefore known as *Vitores*. They are painted in red ochre, in praise of persons remarkable for their benevolence, piety, etc. This custom still exists amongst



certain religious orders who, at the election of a Superior, paint *Vitores* on the convent walls.

I have been unable to find any allusion to these inscriptions in books, and the above information was obtained for me through the British Museum, from Mr. Reddan, of the Foreign Office, who has for years been occupied in work of a literary nature in Spain. He added that if it were possible to gain a knowledge of all the *Vitores* in Spain, it would form a glorious biographical work on the great men of that country.

On quitting the hotel, one turns to the right. A few doors up, on the left, are the beautiful, but over-much restored twelfth century windows of a house which was formerly a hotel. Continuing straight on the Cathedral soon comes into sight.

“On the west side the whole character of the church is Pagan; and I well remember the astonishment with which, when I had climbed the long flight of broad steps which leads to the western door, I looked down the stupendous interior, for which I had been so little prepared.”¹

Instead of the magnificent vista through space, from the west door to the altar, of the churches of France, the naves of Spanish Cathedrals are partially filled up with the *coro*, which is screened off from the worshippers in the aisles by a high wall running along it on both sides and at the west end, while an iron screen is placed across it at the east. It is a great blemish, for it dwarfs the often colossal and magnificent proportions of the churches. Speaking of Spanish Cathedrals in general, Street observes that in the internal arrangements of its choir and altar, Westminster Abbey closely resembles them. He believes that *coros* were first placed in the naves of Cathedrals about the sixteenth or subsequent centuries. Other authorities give good reasons for

¹ Street, p. 253.

supposing that the fourteenth century was a more probable date. Street, in referring to the amazing span of the nave, says, "Had this nave been longer by one bay, I believe that scarcely any interior in Europe could have surpassed it in effect."

A few comparisons with other stone-vaulted buildings may be of interest, the measurement is in each case the span of the nave not including the width of the aisles (if any):

Gerona Cathedral (single nave)	73 ft.
Nave of Milan Cathedral	63 ft.
Central Hall, House of Lords, Westminster ¹	60 ft.
Perpignan Cathedral (single nave)	60 ft.
Nave of Collegiate Church, Manresa	60 ft.
Nave of Toledo Cathedral	54 ft. 6 in.
Santa Maria del Pino, Barcelona (single nave)	54 ft.
Nave of Sevilla Cathedral	53 ft.
Nave of York Cathedral	52 ft.
Nave of Amiens Cathedral	49 ft.
Nave of Santa Maria del Mar, Barcelona	42 ft.
Nave of Westminster Abbey	38 ft. 6 in.

The Bishop's throne is interesting. "It is of white marble of one piece, covered with a simple ornamentation in excellent taste, in a similar style and for the same purpose, as the throne of San Clemente in Rome. It is raised at the back of the altar and is ascended by thirteen steps. The Bishop sits on this throne after the first purification, and continues there until the offertory, when he descends and finishes the Mass at the altar; owing to the existence of this chair, one of the most ancient rites of Catholicism has been preserved at Gerona."²

¹ The measurement of the Central Hall is taken from Baedeker's "London." Most of the others are from Street, and in the cases of churches with aisles, are from centre to centre of columns.

² Riano, p. III.

After seeing the Cathedral, the cloisters should be visited. They are entered by a door on the north of the Cathedral, opposite to the south entrance. There is no other way of getting into them. Both the church and the cloisters are peaceful to a degree. No beggars, no sacristan, no children. A beautiful, solemn place, where hours could be happily spent.

The people in the town were quite unobtrusive. I could wander about freely while hardly a head was turned to look after me, but directly I asked for information it was given promptly and pleasantly. A feature of the courtyards of the private houses are the brightly polished brass handrails to the staircases ascending from them.

San Pedro, quickly reached by descending to a bridge across the stream, was well seen, with other features of the town, during the little walk I took beyond the east end of the Cathedral, up the hill, between narrow walls to an open space overlooking the valley. From here it is easy to map out a stroll through the streets below. The west portal of San Pedro is fine.

The landlord will gladly walk with visitors in the afternoon to the museum contained in the cloisters, obtaining the key. The peculiarity of these beautiful cloisters seemed to be the eight clusters of five shafts interspersed amongst the others. The chief objects of interest in the museum are the Phœnician tombs. Many ancient remains must still lie buried in and around Gerona, and the authorities there seem anxious to preserve carefully everything of value, which is a happy augury for the future.

Close to San Pedro is the little desecrated church of San Nicholas. It now contains a steam saw-mill. The building appears very old.

There are many ruined forts and ancient walls both round Gerona and on the hills for some distance from it. The Cyclopean work is said to be visible in some places.



AT BARCELONA.

BARCELONA.

Barcelona is by far the handsomest and most important town in Spain. The new quarter has been laid out on a scale unequalled by any other city I have ever seen. A good idea of it can be gained by walking up the Rambla to the Plaza Cataluna and thence along the magnificent boulevard which leads to the Fronton Condal (or Pelota Court) in Gracia. This is about two miles from the sea, and bearing in mind that on either side for the whole distance are similar roads, it will be admitted that I do not rate too highly the modern portion of this prosperous city. Sunday is not an inconvenient day for seeing the town. The churches are open, and by twelve o'clock mass is over. So

by lunching early one can devote the whole afternoon to visiting churches which during the week are by no means easy to enter.

Barcelona has its Spanish features hidden away in narrow streets. I went first to the Cathedral and from a very squalid lane—it is best to enter this way if one has any regard for impressions—I suddenly found myself in an exquisite court filled with palms and orange trees, the historic geese swimming on its fountains and picturesque beggars sunning themselves in the patches of brilliant light which shine under its arcades. These cloisters, though architecturally far from perfect, are amongst the most attractive that I know. I have a peculiar tenderness for beautiful cloisters, they are so restful, so pictorial, so closely associated with phases of life long since past. Entering the Cathedral from the cloisters one plunges into a darkness that may be felt. Not for some moments does the grand stained glass of the windows become visible, casting dashes of rich colour on altar and pavement.

From the wall of the North tower, the organ stands out, and the pipes of one of the stops project like the sticks of an opened fan. This is very usual in Spain. It is supposed to throw out the sound of certain stops to better advantage. Street says that the only instance of such an arrangement in England is at All Saints, Margaret Street, and though I believe there is a new organ since his book appeared, I find that two pipes are still placed in this manner. This writer points out a peculiarity of the interior of Barcelona Cathedral. This is an upper floor, which is carried round the nave above the side chapels. He knew of nothing similar in any other church, and believed that the chambers were originally intended as store-rooms for church furniture, decorations, etc.¹

¹ Street, p. 301.

One can sit about this solemn old building in peace from key-jangling sacristans and guides. No one wants to show anything—perhaps because it is so very dark that it is difficult to perceive what there is. The tomb of St. Eulalia, and the pulpit with its beautiful iron staircase and handrail should, however, be noticed.

J. Starkie Gardner, in his book on "Ironwork," writes:—"In Romanesque buildings of Léon, Navarre and Old Castile, examples of twelfth and thirteenth-century screens, identical with the earliest in France and England, are met with, and, like the contemporary hinge-work, appear to be of Anglo-French inspiration. . . . That no more considerable use was made of iron, in the interior of buildings, until the fifteenth century, may be ascribed to the Oriental partiality for rich materials, shared at that time by Spain and the larger part of Italy. The most important works produced in the fifteenth century are the church screens, made principally of long vertical bars, with rich floriated crestings. Barcelona, which possessed a guild of ironworkers from the thirteenth century, contains in the Cathedral a most extensive series of typically Spanish examples of this date. . . . They were doubtless produced under the direction of the Spanish architect who completed the Cathedral in the middle of the fifteenth century, and were not copied from abroad. . . . The spiky, liliaceous leaves are characteristic features in Spanish smithing of the fifteenth century; high church-candlesticks and other objects are sometimes embellished with them."¹

The great solid bars in the screens are invariably of wrought and not of cast iron.

Externally the Cathedral is not beautiful. The West front was being elaborately restored when I was there, and its glaring white colour and *flamboyant* details rapidly drove me inside

¹ Gardner, p. 89.

again. Those who look with interest on peculiarities of architecture characteristic of the country, should ascend the tower for the view of the roof, which is flat and covered with stones and tiles, and is therefore a striking contrast to the high-pitched slate roofs of the Gothic Cathedrals of France. By this arrangement, no wood is introduced anywhere in the structure, which is thus as indestructible as possible. Sevilla Cathedral (see p. 93) has also a very curious and untidy-looking roof, and these seem to be a peculiarity of the South. "Perhaps," writes Street, "the heavy rains and baking sun would destroy a high-pitched roof."

The following extract from an interesting paper on the "Fall of Sevilla Cathedral" (from which I shall again quote when referring to that building), is from the R.I.B.A. Journal for March 5th, 1891. The remarks are by Mr. R. H. Carpenter, F.S.A. :—"At Barcelona Cathedral, which was begun either at the end of the thirteenth century (1298), or practically at the beginning of the fourteenth, the *coro* was always intended to be to the westward of the crossing. It is proved, I think, by this reason : that there is a steep flight of steps to the crypt chapel of S. Eulalia, under the Capilla Mayor, with a flight of steps on either side of it up to the high altar ; these take up the whole space just east of the crossing. It is clear, therefore, that there could not have been any arrangement for stalls under the crossing, and that they must have occupied the two bays of the nave, as now. 'This seems to fix the Spanish arrangement of the *coro* as far back as the *fourteenth century*.'

One should next pass on to the beautiful and interesting church of Santa Maria del Mar. The West doors, with their iron plates cut into cusped circles and the two tiny bronze figures of porters on them, in memory of the large amount of voluntary labour given by the poorer classes towards the build-

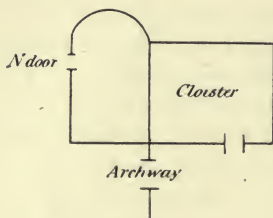
ing of the church, are worth attention. They reminded me of the beautiful story of the oxen of Laon Cathedral, who dragged the material up the steep hill of their own free will, and whose effigies in stone look out from the tower windows.

The interior is singularly impressive. The longer one looks at it, the more surprising does it seem that such tall, slender columns, placed so far apart, can support the vaulting. It will be observed that on the ground-plan these columns form squares in the nave, being the same distance apart both across the nave and along it. On the inside of the south wall, near the east end, will be noticed a glazed balcony. This was a royal pew, and access was obtained to it by means of the covered bridge which still spans the street, and which led from a palace which no longer exists. The interior gives an extraordinary effect of spaciousness, chiefly due to the lightness of its internal construction, but also to its unbroken nave. For here we have a parish church, and it is only in Cathedrals or collegiate or monastic churches that the *coro* is introduced into the nave. The apse is internal only, so does not show from the outside. This will be remarked in other cases (Avila Cathedral, San Marco at Salamanca, etc.). Another feature of many Spanish churches is that they look as if they had no roofs, owing to the external walls being carried high above them. The Cathedrals of Barcelona and Lérida (old Cathedral) are striking examples of this.

One of the oldest churches in Spain, of which the original structure still remains, is at Barcelona. This is San Pablo del Campo, a rather difficult church to find, though one can see its mean little bell tower on the right when walking up the Gran Via Marques del Duero from the sea. The present building is believed to have been constructed in 914. It is not "enclosed in a barrack." Its grey, time-worn, Byzantine-looking West

door is very characteristic. I have in the illustration purposely omitted the later wheel window above.

The cloisters are beautiful in their design and workmanship, but are deplorably neglected. The annexed rough diagram may assist in finding them.



These cloisters now form the entrance to dwellings above, so they are always open. The interior of the church is plain and modernized.

There are a number of these Byzantine-Romanesque churches along the coast in this part of Spain, most of which are dedicated to St. Paul.

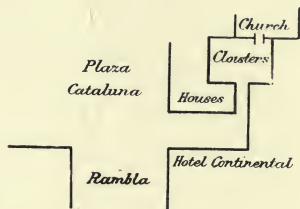
San Pedro de las Puellas is another ancient church. The exterior bears the mark of its antiquity. There is little of interest within except the large and fine capitals of its columns "like the work sometimes seen in Eastern buildings." Street goes on to say that this is a type of capital seen all along the southern coast, and never (as far as he knows) in the interior of Spain.

Prompted thereto by the guide books, I visited Santa Ana, but was much disappointed with the cloisters. They are partly filled in with common-looking glass, and the aspect of the place is lacking in quiet and solemnity.

Most churches in Spain have very small windows, as otherwise the heat would be almost unbearable in summer. But as a certain amount of light is necessary, this is admitted by means of a lantern, *i.e.*, a tower at the intersection of the nave and transepts. It is open into the church. The windows in this lantern, being above the roof line, admit a diffused light, while they do not give access to the direct rays of the sun.

The church is hidden away behind houses. This plan may help in finding it.

Santa Maria del Pino is well worth visiting on account of the great span of its single nave, which is given in the guide books as 64 feet. Street (p. 310) gives it as 54 feet, but I believe the former measurement is correct. For table of comparisons of various naves of churches, see p. 31.



The Casa Consistorial and the Casa de la Diputacion are easily visited, and appear to be open all day. They can be seen by applying to any of the officials standing at the entrance. Loyola's sword is in the house of the priest of Belem, not in the church. On ringing at a door on the north¹ side of the church, which is the entrance to the priest's house, the sword will on request be shown.

It is a tiresome feature of Spanish travel that the best trains on the main lines only run twice or three times a week. Owing to this I was kept a day longer than I intended to remain at Barcelona the first time I went there. But one can always, given fine weather, occupy one's time pleasantly enough in such a neighbourhood. I remember roaming through narrow streets in search of picturesque "bits" most of the morning, and in the afternoon I took the little local train, which starts opposite to

¹ In referring to church doors as North, South, etc., I take for granted that the building lies East and West. This, however, is often not the case. Sometimes, in old times, churches were built so that the sun shone directly on the altar on the day of the saints to which they were respectively dedicated ("Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," Brewer, p. 921, "Orientation").

the Hotel Continental, where I was staying, up to Sarria. I have pleasant recollections of that hotel. True, it was rather too far up the Rambla for convenience in one's walks, and there was practically no *salon*, but I would go there again. The landlord, ever ready to give information, and doing it as if it were a positive joy, sat before a desk in the passage, and apparently sat there day and night without moving. A genial person who combined the duties of *concierge* with others less definite, gave one scraps of information, in very fair English, on every subject under the sun, while the chambermaid—it was a man¹—who answered my bell with promptitude and smiles, took the keenest interest in the photographic plates which were usually washing on every level surface in my room. In short, I felt at home in the place. Of Sarria, too, I have kindly thoughts, for while wandering up from the station, and feeling rather strange and lonely, I was cheered by the friendliness of a Spanish lady, who seeing me ask my way, and noticing that I received inaccurate information, came to my assistance, and in excellent French invited me to accompany her to her house, which was near the church I wanted to see. Acting according to the advice of Murray in his remarks on "Conduct," I declined with many thanks, fearing to intrude. But being much pressed I yielded to my inclination, for anything which gives a glimpse of the life of the country is always attractive to me. My courteous young hostess showed me her garden, her dogs and other pets, and finally took me up to the flat roof of her villa in order that I might photograph from there. The view over the bay was charming, with the sea glistening in the sunshine, and long lines of hills running out into the blue on either side. We afterwards sat for some time chatting in the

¹ This was the only hotel I met with in Spain where there were men instead of maids to attend in the rooms.

cool hall, and here I gleaned my first impressions of Spanish family life. The casual visitor to Spain has too few opportunities of meeting Spaniards in their homes to form an opinion upon their relations with each other, but those who have mixed much with them are unanimously of opinion that as parents Spaniards are extremely indulgent while their children are very young, but that as they grow up no attempt is made to develop their individualities. They are apt, therefore, to remain very dependent upon their parents' advice and opinions, and to be wanting in that sense of responsibility which is so necessary for the good of the community. It is said that should a child take any serious step in life in opposition to his parents' wish, the awful consequence frequently is that he is as dead from henceforth to those who of all others are most bound to stand by him. This intolerable tyranny on the part of parents, whose self-love thus openly vaunts itself above their love for their children, is strikingly illustrated by an anecdote in Mrs. Elliott's "Diary of an Idle Woman in Spain." I give it in a few words:—The daughter of a certain General in the Spanish army married against her father's wish. The young man was a desirable husband in every way, except that the father intended his child to marry someone else. From the day of her marriage she was as dead to her family, and her father and husband fought side by side through a campaign without a sign of recognition passing between them. At length Captain A. so distinguished himself that someone called the General's attention to it, and asked him if he were not going to recognize his son-in-law's abilities. "I have no son-in-law," replied the General. "Well, your daughter's husband." "I have no daughter." "Then Captain A." "Captain A. is a good officer. I shall promote him," said the obdurate old General. However, though writers have blamed the parents' I imagine it can be only the fathers who show this want of

feeling, for I feel sure no mother would be so selfish as was this old gentleman.

Spanish children are sometimes a real trial to travellers. They are treated with the utmost consideration by their parents and by everybody else, and though the exaggerated kindness they receive shows an amiable trait in their elders, it does not tend to make the children attractive. I have been assured that children are never corrected under any circumstances whatsoever. At an hotel which I will not name—for it was otherwise quite excellent—the daughter of the house, aged eighteen months, required so much attention that, if left for an instant, she shrieked till the court-yard rang with the noise. More than once have I seen the waiters put down the dishes they carried and rush from the room to render assistance when this young lady, having summoned her parents, still continued to howl for further attention.

Spaniards are not a happy, cheerful people. They seem tinged with a gentle melancholy, a peculiar sadness, too impersonal, too free from all querulousness to be called discontent, but akin rather to dignified resignation. Perhaps they realize more than they will admit how their country has fallen from its former greatness, and they have no energy, no hope of raising her once more to a high place amongst nations.

While at Barcelona visitors should see a match at pelota. It is an old Basque game, resembling racquets, except, as an Irishman would say, that it is quite different, and of late years it has come greatly into fashion. I saw it more than once at Madrid, and was greatly interested in watching the play. But it is better to see it at Barcelona, for while the courts and players are equally good, the spectators can look on in much greater comfort, not being deafened by the incessant betting of the professional bookmakers. These are forbidden to ply

their trade inside the courts at Barcelona, so one can sit in a gallery and drink one's coffee in peace and quietness while watching the amazing quickness and strength of the players. The game is given over to professionals, and it is said that none can continue at it more than three or four years, so greatly does it tax the constitution. Pelota is played in large



PELOTA PLAYERS.

glass-roofed buildings, one side of which is devoted in all its breadth to the asphalt court. The side wall of the *Euskal-Jai* (a Basque name) at Madrid, which I have been in several times and measured, is 175 feet long, and the end walls are 50 feet broad and 40 feet high. These walls are known as *fron-ton*. The courts themselves are called *frontones*. The wall facing the players has a rib of metal along it, about a yard from the pavement, and another near the top, which limit of height is

carried along the longitudinal wall opposite to the spectators. A ball is only in play when it hits the first wall between these lines, or the long wall below the prescribed limit. The court is marked off by lines at regular distances of about four yards. The spaces from four to seven are important, for the ball when first played must drop from the wall between these two spaces. The ball which weighs about four ounces is thrown from a basket-work gauntlet or cesta, with a leather glove attached for fastening to the hand, and during a rally I have seen it sent



PELOTA GLOVE.

Total length 28 inches. This is a full-sized pelota "glove" used in a match at Madrid, and purchased on the spot. Diameter of ball, 8 inches.

with such terrific force that it has rebounded from the wall at one end of the court against that at the other. There are usually four players, two on each side. The ball is changed after each rally, but is usually put back in the basket to be used again. A player of each side tests a ball before playing with it. There are frequently, between good players, rallies of sixteen strokes or more. One seldom sees a soft stroke, but it is sometimes put in when certain to be effective. During a

match of fifty up, the players will wear their shoes right through. Pelota in a mild form is popular in most Spanish towns and villages, and one frequently sees notices on church walls to the effect that it is forbidden to play pelota against them.

When our Queen was at Biarritz in 1889, she witnessed a game of pelota there. A sketch of the scene appeared in "The Illustrated London News," April 6th, 1889.

Four Spanish players gave an exhibition of pelota in Paris in 1867. I was told that on another occasion the game was played in London, but have not been able to ascertain if this was the case.

"The Field" of December 21st, 1889, p. 879, has an article on pelota; but both this and the remarks in Baedeker ("Spain," p. 29) seem to apply to the game as played at Biarritz rather than as at the courts which I have seen in Spain.

An article on pelota appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" for October, 1897.

The first time I was in Spain I left Barcelona by the evening express for Madrid, but through inaccurate information, failed to travel as comfortably as I might have. I did not take a place in the sleeping car because I was assured that a compartment could not be reserved for me either alone or with other ladies. This was an error. An early application would have insured a place with other ladies, but even on the morning of departure I could have secured a place alone in the corridor, had I been aware that these existed. The gauge of Spain is broader than that of France and thus allows of this extra room in the passage for a row of arm-chairs; two of these with curtains round them form a very comfortable bed at night. I occupied one from Cordoba to Castillejo, and found it preferable to a place in a compartment, being less stuffy. One lies the way the train is going, and this is an advantage to sufferers

from car-sickness. Travelling therefore in an ordinary first-class carriage, I went through to Madrid, dining in the very comfortable restaurant-car soon after starting. Here I found myself the only lady. My *vis-à-vis* entered into conversation with me in French, finding his words with some difficulty. He opened with a remark which I got used to before long in Spain, for he said he supposed I was French. It is strange that travellers of all nationalities are believed by Spaniards to be French, until the contrary is proved. The natural inference is that the proximity of France to Spain leads French people to travel there more than we do, and they certainly predominated in several places, while there were hardly any Germans, and even before the war very few Americans. My table companion expressed surprise that a woman should travel all over Spain alone, and said I must have "much courage," but when pressed as to his reasons for the need of courage he could not find any, till he happily bethought him that some years ago the express between Barcelona and Madrid was stopped by brigands. This did not bear on the point, for two women or one would have been equally helpless under the circumstances; however, it assisted him out of a difficulty, and gave occasion for a story as to how the quick-witted engine-driver in the dead of night made his engine whistle so appallingly that the robbers bolted in terror without securing anything.

MONTSERRAT.

The second time I visited Spain I left Barcelona by the South Coast, and this I strongly recommend (see time tables, which serve as an itinerary, p. 19).

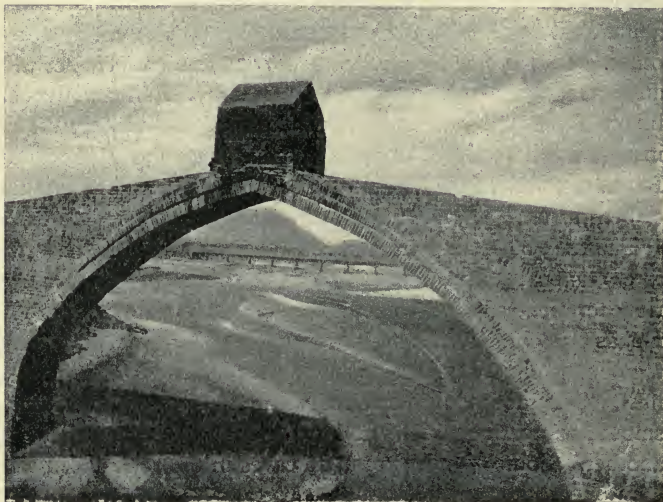
Montserrat should be seen *en route*, spending if possible a couple of nights there.

I blush to confess that I went for the day. This was another blunder due to over-much caution and advice. Is it not said that "experience is the wisdom of fools"? I had plenty of such wisdom before I left Spain. The great monastery of Montserrat is reached from Barcelona by train, changing into a little mountain railway at Monistrol. The line from here is sensational enough, the engine puffing in quick gasps up a steep slope, with a first-class precipice on one side and overhanging rocks on the other. It is as fine a piece of scenery as one could meet with anywhere, and a glimpse which I had of the riding path soon before I reached my destination made me feel chillier for an instant down my back than any precipice on the Matterhorn. It was a place where I would not trust myself on any manner of beast.

The rock of Montserrat, about halfway up which is the monastery, is some 3,000 feet high, and looks more. The summit ridge terminates in rocky needles, quite bare of vegetation. The monastery, church, railway station and restaurant are squeezed together on a very small ledge, under a rock of surprising steepness. The mountain is covered with a net-work of beautifully smooth footpaths, which lead from one lonely hermitage to another. Some of these are mere caves in the rock, faced with a little masonry, and presenting externally a very queer appearance. Most interesting in its detail, and charmingly clad in southern vegetation, Montserrat also commands glorious views towards the sea and mountains. Several days might enjoyably be spent in exploring its girdle of paths.

The accommodation at Montserrat is perfectly comfortable. I saw several suites of rooms in the huge building which is set apart for pilgrims and travellers. They were clean, airy and well furnished. Some had kitchens attached, with a proper supply of cooking utensils, wood, etc. House linen is also pro-

vided, and for the rest one must manage for oneself. No doubt a hanger-on of the place would temporarily turn himself into a chambermaid—for a consideration—if one wished for a servant. There is an excellent restaurant close by. Gas and electric light have superseded candles at the monastery, as indeed is the case at most places in Spain.



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE, MARTORELL.

MARTORELL.

Descending from Montserrat to Martorell, one can visit the fine Devil's Bridge there before continuing the journey to Tarragona. Luggage will be kept at the railway station by one of the officials. The gentleman who took charge of mine was particularly obliging, and when offered a tip looked surprised

and inquired what it was for. Martorell is a model town, for here, at every street corner, is a huge notice to the effect that begging is forbidden, and I certainly met no beggars in the place. Much pillow lace is made; I noticed many women at work on it at their cottage doors while I strolled about the town.



MARTORELL: MENDICITY PROHIBITED.

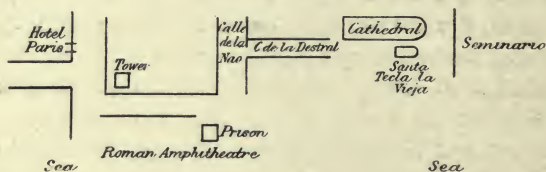
At the railway station of Martorell a poorly clad peasant, seeing a lady lift her bag towards the train, at once took it from her, put the remainder of the things into the compartment, and refused a tip.

There is a good buffet, and time to dine, at San Vicente. Here a particularly polite station-master who spoke French, and a civil porter, overwhelmed me with attention.

TARRAGONA.

The Hôtel de Paris at Tarragona afforded pleasant quarters from whence to explore this wonderful town and neighbourhood.

The chief buildings of interest are near together, and can best be approached as roughly indicated below :



The numerous stones bearing Roman inscriptions are worth notice, especially those in the Calle de la Destral, and Roman brickwork is visible in several places.

Over one of the side doors in the West front of the Cathedral will be observed a relief in marble quite out of keeping with the rest of the decoration. This is the front of a Christian sarcophagus and it is built into the wall. It is said¹ to be the oldest piece of Christian sculpture in Spain.

The general effect of the exterior of the Cathedral is marred by the chapel of Santa Tecla, a structure of the last century. But the interior is impressive and grandly solid and plain. The marble statue of the dead Christ, lying in a glass coffin, is in a chapel in the north wall of the choir. Seven other figures, slightly painted, stand behind it, and all are ancient. Through a hole in the glass, the devout kiss the feet of the figure. The statues are above life size.

The only entrance to the cloisters is from the Cathedral.

¹ Baedeker, p. xlvii.

They are quite magnificent, both as to detail and general effect. Visitors should apply to the sacristan of the Cathedral about 9.30 a.m. in order to see the ancient little church of Santa Tecla la Vieja. It is within the iron railings just south-east of the Cathedral choir. I was too late, and could not gain admittance, but the key is obtainable with perseverance.



WALL OF TARRAGONA WITH CYCLOPEAN WORK.

Knocking at the door of the Seminario (see plan), I asked to see the very old little church of San Pablo, which is now carefully inclosed in the courtyard. Permission was readily given to enter. The young man who admitted me absolutely refused a tip, even though offered "por los pobres," that is, "for the poor."

A walk should be taken round the town just outside the walls,

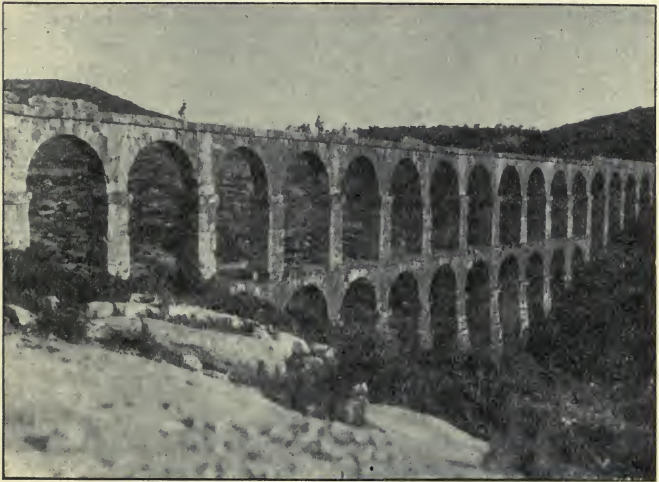
so as to see thoroughly the Cyclopean and Roman work. The former is generally about six feet high, and above it rises the Roman masonry, in wonderful preservation. These walls are much the finest of their kind I have ever seen.

If able to take a walk of about six miles, the following will be found a charming one. From the hotel one bears round under the walls to one's left, soon passing a Cyclopean doorway, and a little farther (on the right) a beautifully carved stone cross. Further still is a Roman doorway through the walls, and after another five minutes' stroll, a great buttress juts out and forms a corner where picturesque groups bask in the sun. Entering by the archway for a moment, a charming picture is seen formed by the arches of the convent of Las Beatas de Sto. Domingo to the left. Continuing to skirt outside the walls, over open ground, a good high road (that to Lérida) is reached on the right. It should be followed for about three miles, till on the right the double tier of the Roman aqueduct comes in sight. Visitors should strike off towards it by a footpath, cross it (or pass below) and from the end of it nearest to Tarragona follow a well-marked path over the hills back to the city. Many carob trees are passed and an abundance of palmito. The branches of the former which is an evergreen are given to the horses for food, and one often notices carts full of them. The roots of the palmito are eaten by the natives and may be seen at all the markets in the South. Besides these, I noticed a quantity of dwarf holly, and clumps of pale mauve daisies, with here and there a fragrant blue grape-hyacinth.

Tarragona is itself worth travelling the whole way from England to see, and the Monastery of Poblet is worth visiting Tarragona for, if there were nothing else besides.

From the station of Espluga the huge group of buildings is visible, so the way there is easily found. The road is atrocious,

so it is best not to drive but to ride or go on foot. The walk is an easy one as the rise is slight, and an hour should suffice. Passing through the town, a fine cross, with good carving, to the right, will be seen before long by the roadside. Soon after, to the left across some fields, a group of white houses is visible. These are the baths, which are much frequented in summer.



ROMAN AQUEDUCT NEAR TARRAGONA.

About half a mile further, where stands the ruins of a large monument with three headless figures, the road to the monastery turns off to the left, between a row of birch trees. This must be followed round the walls past some buildings to the entrance. The custodian is usually to be found in the cloisters. Luncheon should be taken from Tarragona ; the landlord of Hotel Paris can be trusted to put up an excellent one.

The Monastery of Poblet is now owned by the Government, who have placed an ex-civil guard in charge of it. This old gentleman made us entirely at home in his domains. After conducting us all over the great building, he took us to his own quarter where his wife received us most cordially. One could not imagine anything better cared for than the two rooms of this old couple. We were invited to lunch in the tiny sitting-room and while we unpacked our basket the good lady gave us a table cloth, and whatever she fancied would add to our comfort. Then, with true Spanish courtesy, and wishing us "Buen provecho," the old people withdrew to their own meal in the kitchen.

The monastery is a veritable paradise to the enthusiastic ecclesiologist or photographer. Beautiful and interesting halls and rooms abound, and one is permitted to wander about alone and sketch or photograph to one's heart's content.

The cloisters and chapter-house are singularly graceful, and some vegetation has at last begun to spring up and clothe the pathetic bareness of this saddest of ruins. Hare¹ speaks of a torture-chamber in the monastery. We could not hear of nor find it. The *bodega* merits attention, with its fine vaulting, springing eight ribbed from the solid-looking columns which support it.

In the church there is a feature which is noticeable in many Spanish churches. This is the flatness of the arches, both of that which formerly supported the organ at the West end, and of those across the transepts which carried tombs. It is a marvel to me how these arches, with their considerable span and infinitesimal rise, manage to keep up. Those carrying the tombs have a span of twenty-two feet, with a rise of only fifteen inches.

¹ Hare, p. 60.

The history of the destruction of Poblet is as follows :

About the year 1821 Poblet became accidentally the centre of an anti-constitutional insurrection, through some of the friars from Caspe being banished to Poblet, where they lived for about two years, though not actually in the Cloister.

On May 3rd, 1822, one of them raised a band of peasants and put himself at the head of them, with the cry of "Long live the King and Religion! down with the Constitution!" The Liberal party of Reus, Valls, etc., drove them off, and ordered the monks to vacate Poblet. They sent their treasure to Tarragona, and for two years the monastery was abandoned. During this period many articles disappeared from Poblet.

Eventually the Absolutists triumphed, and everything which could be traced was restored to the monastery.

In 1825 to 1835 a great contention was carried on with Vimbodi about forest rights.

In 1835 the Carlists (the party favoured by the monastery) fell. The monks were then obliged to abandon the monastery for the last time, and took refuge at Esplugu.

Then commenced the final work of destruction which culminated in the violation of the tombs of the kings.

For the above particulars I am indebted to "Las Ruinas de Poblet, por Don Victor Balaguer" (Madrid, 1885).

The monastery is in some parts better preserved than I expected, but portions of it are absolutely in ruins. Owing to the comparatively short time which has elapsed since its destruction, it has in many places the aspect of a building in course of construction and it is not until one looks closely at it, that the evidences of deliberate wreckage become visible.

There is another monastery near Tarragona, that of Santas Creus, which I am quite certain, judging by the photographs I saw of it, would well repay a visit. The cloisters and courtyard

must be beautiful. Unluckily I did not know of it till too late. The landlord of the Hotel Paris will tell visitors how to get there.

A curious ceremony was going on during my last evening at Tarragona. This was the funeral of the Carnival. It was more like an Irish wake than anything else, a life-sized figure being taken in procession on a cart through the streets, headed by a discordant band and followed by a huge crowd which made long halts at intervals, during which a black bottle circulated freely. I happened to arrive in Spain just as the carnival was beginning, and was afraid it might make the larger towns, such as Barcelona, unpleasant for sightseers ; but I was never inconvenienced by the crowd which perambulated the streets.

VALENCIA.

Valencia was my next stopping place, and when I arrived there late at night and inquired for the porter from Hotel Spagna, I was informed that it no longer existed. I knew that travellers are occasionally told that certain hotels are closed or are full, when the sole object is to persuade them to go elsewhere, so for some time I held out until convinced by the multiplicity of my informants that the Spagna was indeed no more. The Hotel Paris was the second on the list in the guide books, so thither I went. It turned out to be a good hotel, the best in Valencia.

The landlady was particularly pleasant and obliging, and next morning, which luckily was a Friday, I consulted her about the very curious ceremony which takes place on that day in the Colegio de Corpus. She assured me that the guide books were correct in saying that ladies were only admitted if wearing black

dresses and mantillas, and she very kindly not only lent me one of the latter, but also put it on for me in proper Spanish style.

Feeling very strange, I walked to the church. At the south door (inside the porch of which hangs a huge crocodile¹); chairs are obtainable, price 5 centimes, and as the service is long, it is well to hire them. It commences with Mass. Then the church is darkened and the priests and choir assemble within the altar rails. When they begin to chant, accompanied by a trombone, the picture over the altar slowly and silently sinks down out of sight, disclosing a violet curtain. As the service proceeds this is replaced by black hangings, which in their turn are drawn back, leaving a large crucifix on a golden ground. It is very dimly illuminated, and for some time it is difficult to see anything. Towards the conclusion of the service the coverings are replaced one by one. The ceremony is an impressive one, its solemnity being much enhanced by the reverent behaviour of the congregation.

When about to quit the church I was touched on the arm by an acolyte who, my mantilla notwithstanding, had discovered that I was a stranger. He asked me if I wished to see the relics, which were just about to be exposed. Of course I immediately followed him, and he led me to a side chapel, where an even more curious ceremony than the one I had just witnessed was about to begin. The chapel was crowded, and I found just room to squeeze in amongst the people and kneel at the back. Across one end, towards which all faced, was a great press, reaching from floor to ceiling. This a priest

¹ There was a "custom common in the middle ages in Spain, and other countries, of offering war spoils and treasures brought from long and distant peregrinations, and even objects of natural history, to the different churches. Alligators may be seen hanging in churches in Seville, Toledo, Valencia, etc." (Riano, p. 140).

proceeded to open, and its contents were then visible, consisting of shelf above shelf of relics, inclosed in reliquaries of gold and silver set with glittering gems. The priest, now kneeling at one side, with a slender wand pointed to each in turn, while a small boy, with a book, read a list of the relics, naming them as he did so. To judge by the amazing number of relics shown, the church must have claimed to possess portions of every saint in the calendar.

The chief points of interest about the Cathedral are the tower, known as the "Miguelete" (because its bells were first hung on the feast of St. Michael¹), and the very ornate and uncommon lantern over the crossing. The latter with the north door composes picturesquely from the exterior. The tower is later in date than the lantern, and its circumference is equal to its height, which Baedeker gives as 152 feet. It is still unfinished, and in the new sacristy a large framed drawing of the projected spire which was to complete it is worth attention. I tried to have the drawing taken down in order that I might photograph it, but was so persistently informed that it was impossible, that I gave up the attempt. The height of this singularly daring structure was to have been 660 feet, which is half as high again as the cross on St. Paul's in London.

The new sacristy is entered from the church by a door with fine iron knockers and hinges. Amongst the relics kept here are the remains of a baby, said to be the body of one of the Holy Innocents.

There is a curious ancient marble *retablo* in the old chapter-house. It represents the death of the Virgin.

The Tribunal of the Waters, held on Thursday mornings at

¹ Street, p. 264.

11 o'clock outside the Apostles' Gate of the Cathedral, to decide disputes connected with irrigation, should on no account be missed. It is an unique relic of patriarchal times.



THE MIGUELETE, VALENCIA.

It is a good plan to take a tram right round the outside of the city in order to see the gates and walls.

Sagunto is well worth a visit, both on account of its grand

position and for the sake of its historical associations. It can easily be seen in an afternoon (see time tables, p. 19). It is best to take a man at once, as the key of the castle has to be obtained in the town below, and the streets are very winding and intricate, so that to find even the theatre is not easy. The guardian lives just below it. The old church mentioned in the guide books is really not worth entering.

It is well when tipping the guardian of such a place as the Roman theatre at Sagunto to notice carefully the coin handed to him. One may find otherwise that he returns a different one, declaring that the traveller has presented him with a piece of bad money, and unless perfectly certain of the identity of the coin, one is obliged to give him another in exchange. Bad money is occasionally given in change at railway ticket offices. It is wise to obtain plenty of change at the hotel, and have the right amount (see the "Guia") ready.

ALICANTE.

From Valencia I went by train to Alicante. The Hotel Roma y Marina, facing the sea, is in a good position. When one has walked to the end of the jetty and seen the fine view of the town backed by its fortress-crowned hill, one has seen all there is.

ELCHE.

Unfortunately the only morning train to Elche went at 5 a.m., so with two friends I took a tartana and pair (for which we paid 25 pesetas) and drove there in about two hours. Though the road is rough at first it soon changes to one of the magnificent new highways which are now being constructed in many parts

of Spain, and which, for equality of gradient, smoothness of surface, and great breadth are, in my experience, unequalled anywhere.

All along the coast there are manufactories of tinned fruits and vegetables. We visited one of them and were told many interesting facts by the English manager. He said that they do not buy their fruit till after Madrid has purchased all she needs. Then the price comes down and they at once secure their supply. Sometimes they receive twenty-five tons of fruit in a day, and this must be immediately cooked and tinned. 25,000 tins can be turned out in the twenty-four hours. The peas are automatically sorted in sizes; thus, if ever given peas at a restaurant and assured that they are fresh, notice if all are the same size or not! A French cook was kept at the manufactory at a salary of nearly £400 a year.

On reaching Elche we drove to the station and deposited our luggage there, in the charge of a polite official. Then we went to the Hotel Confianza, where an excellent lunch was got ready for us in a few minutes. It was always a matter of surprise to me how a luncheon could be provided in these small places at such very short notice, and wherever we went we found no delay in the serving of meals, and were thus enabled to save much time which was of great value for sight-seeing.

In August, 1897, a very beautiful bust was dug up at Elche, and was almost immediately bought for 4,000 pesetas for the Louvre. I found two photographs of it at the hotel, which I purchased, and I reproduce one of them here.

This bust was discovered by some labourers while tilling a field near the ruins locally known as the Alcudia, where many other antiquities have been found.

“Type indigene, modes indigenes, art Espagnol, profonde-

ment empreint d'influences orientales et, plus à la surface, d'influences Grecques." This is the opinion of the writer of the pamphlet from which I extract the following particulars:

The bust—it is a true bust, not a broken full-length statue—



BUST DISCOVERED AT ELCHE,
NOW IN THE LOUVRE.

is life-size, and bears traces of colour, particularly the lips and portions of the head-dress and drapery. The pupils of the eyes are chiselled as if they had been enamelled. The material from which the bust is sculptured is the native calcareous stone. There is a circular hole at the back of the figure, and a cavity below deep enough to receive ashes or offerings. It would therefore appear that the bust was either a votive monument, or else, as is more probable, a monument to the dead. In fact, its form closely resembles

the representations of the subterranean gods, and of the Manes, which are figured as half buried in the earth. It seems also to be allied with the famous sculptures of the "Cerro de los Santos," now in the Museum at Madrid.

Never, either in Cyprus or Etruria has the association of perfect Greek art with a savage originality produced so impressive a result. It is the most beautiful, original and important work which has ever been unearthed in Spain.

The ear-rings are particularly curious. In the Campana collection at the Louvre, amongst the Etruscan ear-rings, is a

pretty gold wheel bordered with pearls exactly like the earrings of the bust of Elche.¹

The bust is now in the Salle de l'Apadana, at the Louvre.

A pleasant stay of two or three days could be made at Elche. The artist will wish to linger longer. The description in "Murray" is by no means exaggerated, and the place has all the beauty of luxuriant tropical vegetation, with the coolness and freshness due to many streams of water.

I know no sight more picturesque than the swiftly-flowing brooks under the tall palms, where washerwomen in brightly coloured garments kneel on the banks with heaps of snowy linen beside them. The peasants both here and all along this coast are singularly oriental in complexion, and appear doubly so by the



CLIMBING A PALM TREE, ELCHE.

¹ "Buste Espagnol de style Greco-Asiatique trouvé à Elche par Pierre Paris" (Extract des "Monuments et Mémoires," publié par l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres). Through the courtesy of the staff of the British Museum I was allowed to see an advanced copy of the above. It contains a full and most interesting description of the beautiful Lady of Elche.

Eastern colouring of their shawls. The groups at the railway stations were a perpetual delight to our eyes, and I longed for the skill to substitute the palate for the camera, and bring away a souvenir of the glowing mass of colour. The photographer should not omit to expose a plate on the railway station at Elche. He should first walk along by the line to the railway bridge, and stroll some way across it. Here he will have a grand view, towards Elche, of palms and water. A stone bridge across the river further down, seen from here, appears to be old. I could find out nothing about it. A boy will gladly climb a palm tree for a few pence, and it is worth while seeing him do it.

I was told at the British Museum that the local museum at Elche is worth seeing, but we did not, I regret to say, visit it.

MURCIA.

It was a short railway journey to Murcia. The scenery on the way was charming, and I longed to explore the picturesque town of Callosa de Segura. At Murcia the Hotel Universal (formerly Paris) offered excellent quarters. The landlord is an Italian, as is so often the case in Spain. Spaniards do not like hotel keeping. Their habitual exclusiveness makes it unpleasant to them to have complete strangers, who can order them about, in their houses.

I was under the impression that there was very little to see at Murcia, so when the landlord offered to take me round next morning, I for once gave up all idea of planning my own sight-seeing and gladly abandoned myself to his guidance. He had a comfortable landau at the door at the appointed hour, with a couple of horses which he drove himself. He took me first by an excellent road to Monte Agudo, a precipitous rock crowned



WOOD CARVING OF "THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN," BY ZARCILLO.

by a ruined castle, the buttresses of which seemed literally to form part of the hill. I got out here, and walked for a little distance to see the castle better, then drove back to the town. My first visit was to the church of Jesus of Nazareth. In chapels round this church are deposited the wooden statues which are carried in procession through the streets of the town on great festivals. They vary much in merit, but a few of them—those by Zarcillo—are extremely fine. He carved them about 1763. The best of his groups seemed to me to be those of "The Last Supper," "The Agony in the Garden," and "The Betrayal." The hands and arms are splendidly modelled. Referring to these, Baedeker says,¹ "Those who have not seen the groups in the Ermita de Jesus . . . have no complete idea of Spanish sculpture. Groups such as that of the 'Agony in the Garden,' and 'The Kiss of Judas,' may for the moment, through the captivating truth and inwardness of their curious conception, throw all other known representations into the shade . . . and that in spite of the fact that the Saviour wears an embroidered velvet mantle." One of the Roman soldiers is in mediæval armour.

I was told that an Englishman offered £160 for St. Peter's arm (in the group of "The Betrayal") which was the original price of the whole group.

The heaviest of these groups requires twenty-six men to carry it.

The chain carved in stone round the East end of the Cathedral is in such high relief that it appears absolutely detached.

On my way back to the hotel my excellent guide stopped at a private house where he told me I would see an industry peculiar to Murcia. After ringing the bell and interchanging

¹ Baedeker, "Introduction," p. lxi.

at the door many polite remarks with the inmates, I was invited to enter, and taken upstairs, where a curious machine, which I am entirely unable to describe, was shown to me. This was used for the manufacture of thread for fishing-nets, the thread being derived from the bodies of silk-worms. When these are old and of no further use for producing silk, they are placed in vinegar for twenty-four hours. Afterwards, numbers of girls from the surrounding country are employed in pulling them out into fine and almost unbreakable thread. When this is cleaned and ready for use, it is a beautiful silvery fibre, and is largely exported to England and other countries.

Murcia does a large trade in cut flowers, and most of the camellias sold on the Rambla at Barcelona come from here.

The morning's drive and sight-seeing appeared in my bill as "Promenade, 10 pesetas," which I thought a very moderate sum.

CORDOBA.

From Murcia I took the afternoon train for Chinchilla, Alcazar and Cordoba. I was obliged to "trasborder" several times; this word is more frequently used than "cambiar" to signify a change of trains.

The Hotel Suiza at Cordoba is the most expensive I met with anywhere in Spain, for it has no rooms at less than seventeen pesetas a day. Except when a rest is required it is unnecessary to spend a night at Cordoba, as the sights can be seen quite well in three or four hours.

Passing through the narrow Moorish streets I went first to the mosque, the size of which was impressed forcibly on me by the fact that while aware that there is a Cathedral in the centre, where two hundred columns were mown down to give space, it

was a considerable time before I found it. When I did, I soon left it, for though "the stalls, which were carved in the eighteenth century, are admirable in richness of ornamentation, the whole decoration is in the worst possible taste."¹ The interior of the mosque is very cool and quiet, and I photographed its bewildering aisles—there are twenty-nine of them—in leisurely



MOSQUE OF CORDOBA.

comfort, no one taking the slightest notice of me. The illustration shows one of the most beautiful parts of the building, near the entrance to the Cathedral. The exquisite salmon-pink of the decorations, so different from the crude brick-dusty red laid on by the restorers, is here well seen. At the end of the

¹ Riano, p. 118.

aisle is the Mihrab, or Holy of Holies, adorned with truly wondrous mosaics. They do not dazzle one with their magnificence, and produce the immediate effect of the great mosaics of Ravenna, but the longer one examines them the more does one appreciate the delicacy of their workmanship and the purity of their colouring.



THE COURT OF ORANGES, CORDOBA.

The bell tower is worth ascending and the view of the exterior of the mosque from it is exceedingly queer. An exciting event took place on this belfry a few years ago. A young Englishman, well known in society at home, went up it one afternoon and foolishly allowed an importunate gipsy to follow him. When on the top the man attempted to rob him, and seemed inclined

to go even further, for he clutched him by the throat. The Englishman luckily had a loaded revolver where he could quickly get it, and shot the gipsy dead. He then rushed down the tower to the Court of Oranges, where he met Murray, the English courier and guide of the Hotel Suiza. The young man was frightfully upset and begged to be immediately taken to the police. He was conducted to the hotel, the police summoned, and he was then marched off to prison, a very necessary measure for his protection against the revengeful fury of the tribe. I understand that the Spanish authorities treated him with great courtesy, and allowed furniture and food to be supplied from the hotel. He was allowed out on bail in a few days, and when the trial took place was acquitted.

It is worth while walking all round the outer walls of the Court of Oranges and mosque. Several of the gateways have very beautiful pink and cream coloured work, now being released from its encasing of whitewash. The sheathing in bronze of the doors is very fine. Similar Moorish work may be seen at Toledo and Sevilla. The Puerta del Perdon has Arabic and Latin inscriptions, the latter in Gothic characters, and is one of the instances, of which many exist in Spain, in which the Christian and Moorish styles are blended.

The museum is worth a visit. Murray's guide mentions the chief objects of interest in it. The Moorish bronze statue of a stag is an instance of the representation of animals in Moorish work (see p. 74).

Several of the churches have good doorways. One can take a very enjoyable walk through the town, looking out for interesting bits of architecture and delicious *patios* like those of Sevilla, not a few of which are decorated with some of the columns removed from the mosque. A striking yellow gateway, of stones so porous and weathered that they resemble sponges, is in a

quiet, neglected little square. None should fail to cross the Roman bridge, and, turning to the right at the end, follow the river bank a little distance till opposite to the Moorish mills.

Cordoba, like all large Spanish towns, has a foundling hospital, with a little cushioned box which turns in an aperture of the wall when a bell is rung.



A GATEWAY, CORDOBA.

The next stopping place will probably be Granada. It is rather a pleasant journey there. Bobadilla¹ possesses one of the usual admirable buffets, and the station is an easy one to find one's way about, the four trains to Algeciras, Malaga, Cordoba and Granada being drawn up alongside of each other,

¹ Bobadilla was the name of the first governor of Cuba, who sent Columbus home in chains.

and notice boards clearly indicating their respective destinations. From there to Granada the scenery is charming.



ALHAMBRA : VIEW OF THE COURT OF LIONS.

GRANADA.

So much has been written about Granada and the Alhambra that I refer with hesitation to them, yet they came on me with great freshness and a deep sense of rest. It is peace itself to push open the low wooden door of the Alhambra palace, and as it swings behind feel that one is secure from all disturbing elements. Any day between one and two o'clock, by applying

personally at the office of the conservator, close to the Torre del Vino (there is a brass plate on the door), one can obtain a permit to "study" in the palace, available for as long as desired. Armed with this one can go to the Alhambra (the entrance is at the back of Charles V.'s unfinished palace) and establish oneself in its courts for hours together. Without such a pass an official is obliged to accompany visitors everywhere.

The morning after my arrival I strolled out of the Hotel Washington Irving towards the great yellow walls glowing opposite under a cloudless sky. From inattention to the plan in the guide book I had not grasped the fact that the Alhambra enclosure is one thing, and the palace another, and that the latter occupies a comparatively small portion of the former. So I straightway proceeded up instead of down the road, thinking I could get into the palace at any point, but soon saw that I was all wrong, so returning past the Hotel Siete Suelos¹ and keeping to the road parallel with the walls, I came to an archway, by which I entered. Here I was accosted by a perfect army of guides and beggars, the so-called gipsy king, in his theatrical get up, swelling the crowd. Truth to tell, though within the Alhambra enclosure, I still had not the slightest idea where the entrance was to the palace. I could not inquire, because a guide would then have tacked himself on to me, and I did not want to stand about amongst them while hunting it up on the plan, so I was in a dilemma. Glancing round however, I saw a very nice-looking photographer's shop, and into this I promptly plunged, the multitude accompanying me to the door, for a lady alone might be worth many pesetas to him who should be cicerone to her helpless worship. The proprietor of the shop,

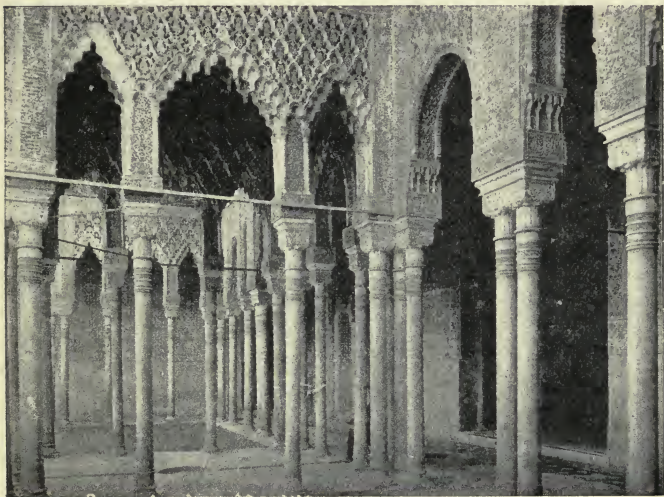
¹ "Siete Suelos," or seven floors, from the tower behind with its seven floors. This hotel and the Hotel Washington Irving now belong to the same proprietor.

Señor Garzon, whose name I gratefully record, was in, and not only gave me the desired information in excellent French, but insisted on walking with me to the corner of Charles V.'s palace, from whence the entrance to the Alhambra palace, like a common wooden shed, can be seen. Indeed, he did more, for passing through the waiting throng of people he soundly rated them on their bad manners in thus mobbing and annoying a lady. But the remedy is in one's own hands; for by steadily refusing to employ a guide or give to a beggar, one is very soon abandoned as a bad job and other victims are selected. The king of the gipsies however was too much for me. Seeing that I was about to photograph the front of Charles V.'s palace, he ran and placed himself in the doorway. I was amused at the old gentleman's manœuvre and gave him the only small change I had—one penny—promising him another next day, a promise the fulfilment of which he did not fail to claim. After he had accepted, with thanks, the second and final instalment of my debt, he never bothered me again, and we said a genial good morning daily afterwards.

It is worth while asking an official to unlock Washington Irving's rooms. The ceilings are fine, but one becomes used to magnificent ceilings in Spain, in no other country have I seen any to compare with them. As most people know, Washington Irving was an American writer of the beginning of the century, and his "Alhambra" forms one volume of his "Tales of a Traveller." During the spring and summer of 1829 he lived within the palace, which then of course was not under the present stringent regulations. A poor Spanish family was installed in another part of the building and its members acted as his servants. His rooms were part of a suite destined originally for Philip V. and Elizabeth of Parma. They are in a lonely part of the palace, and seem to have fascinated Washington

Irving all the more for this reason. His "Alhambra" consists chiefly of the legends which have gathered round the place. The new edition, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, is an attractive volume.

Beautiful as are the courts and halls of the Alhambra I think one would tire of the style if one saw it frequently repeated in



VIEW FROM THE COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

other buildings. There is a certain triviality in stucco work, a difference between it and carving in stone as great as between gold and gilding, and there is a great monotony in the recurrence of geometrical patterns and continually repeated inscriptions, which it would not be good to live with. But the Alhambra, with its exquisite colonnades of slender pillars, its glimpses of blue sky, and trees, and fountains through lace-like openings,

its thousand associations, its very name, is indeed enchanted ground, and criticism is out of place within its walls.

Moorish decoration does not always exclude representations of living things. The prohibition of the Koran to represent animated beings is not so strict as is generally supposed, and is reduced to the following sentences, "Oh Believers! Wine and games of chance, and statues, and divining arrows are only an abomination of Satan's work! Avoid them that ye may prosper" (Sura. v. ver. 22). Later commentators added the severest prohibitions against artists who represented animated beings, but to very little effect.¹ A conspicuous instance of the representation of living things by Moorish workmen is the Court of Lions itself, containing a fountain supported by a ring of these animals.

I remained nearly a week at Granada, and spent my mornings reading, writing and photographing at the Alhambra, and my afternoons visiting the other sights of the place. These, within the Alhambra enclosure, include the towers of the Infantas and the Cautiva, with their delicate Moorish interiors, the tiny mosque, the Gate of Judgment, and the tower of the Vela, which latter should be ascended at sunset. From here, every quarter of an hour, from sunset to sunrise, the great bell rings out, and far down the valley below its sound is eagerly awaited, for it is the signal by which one farmer turns off the water which has been irrigating his fields and another takes his turn. They have but a quarter of an hour each, and, judging by the rich green of the beautiful *Vega*, it is enough. The range of the Sierra Nevada, though wanting in grandeur of outline, adds by its snow-covered summits a great charm to the view, while down in the town below the Cathedral presents a majestic feature.

There is a fine Gothic silver-gilt cross, known at Toledo as

¹ Riano, p. 139.

the Guion de Mendoza, and now in the treasury at Barcelona, which was the first cross placed on the Torre de la Vela on the day of the conquest, January 22nd, 1492.

Before finally taking leave of the Alhambra I should like to point out a peculiarity of Moorish gateways. These, being



THE SIERRA NEVADA FROM THE VELA, GRANADA.

built specially for defence, often turn their sides to the enemy, who is thus obliged to approach them by a road parallel with the walls. The passage through them is frequently tortuous and this makes their defence easier. Good examples of such gates are the Gate of Judgment at the Alhambra and the Puerta del Sol at Toledo.

The Generalife is a pleasant place for an afternoon's stroll.

The hotel keeper can usually supply a permit. It is worth while to follow the high road as far as the cemetery, from the topmost point of which there is a lovely view. Readers of Hare's "Wanderings in Spain" will recollect the description there given of a child's funeral. Such awful scenes do not now occur, but the little one is still borne, covered with flowers, on an open bier, and the boys who carry the body jog along, whistling and smoking, without a trace of reverence for the dead.

Several hours should be devoted to the town. Some of Alonso Cano's best work is in the Cathedral. I went inside almost at once, for the exterior when seen at close quarters has but little charm. There is much of interest in this church, but the objects there of paramount importance are the magnificent tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip and Juana, in the Chapel Royal. Beneath, in a small, low vault, are their coffined remains, and few things strike one as so undoubtedly genuine as these simple iron-bound caskets. The vault is deeply interesting and should on no account be left unexplored. The screen of the Chapel Royal is magnificent. It was produced between 1520 and 1530, and was regarded by Digby Wyatt as the best in design and the most imposing of Spanish *rejas*. Quite close to the Cathedral are three extremely narrow Moorish streets. Their decoration is very charming and I strolled down them towards the town hall, and thence kept along up the river Darro till I reached the Calle del Darro. Here, all but opposite to a broken Moorish bridge, and entered from No. 37, are some vaulted Moorish baths, rapidly going to ruin. They are well worth a visit. The guide books refer to other Moorish "bits" at Granada, of which the Puerto del Carbon is particularly picturesque. Doors ornamented with shells will be noticed, and this form of decoration is very common all over Spain. The reason for it is said to be as follows. After the stoning of

St. James the Elder, brother to St. John the Apostle, at Jerusalem, his body, so the legend goes, transported itself in a scallop shell to the north-west coast of Spain. Later on the body was brought to Santiago, where for centuries it was said to defend Spain from the attacks of the Moors. St. James—or Santiago—is the patron saint of Spain. It is interesting to note that the Paget arms include a scallop shell, doubtless an emblem of a successful pilgrimage to Santiago, just as the cross has been added to the arms of those who visited Jerusalem, or the keys after a journey to Rome.¹

An English lady whom I met at Granada invited me to accompany her and her guide to the gipsy quarter. We were taken to one of the first dwellings we came to, I imagine a show one, and except a whitewashed cavern, with everything very clean and spick-and-span, there was little to see. When we proposed exploring further, the youth who guided us objected, on the ground that one "house" was like another, but he had been so warm in his praises of the admirable qualities of the gipsies, that I cannot help thinking he feared we might be disillusioned if we saw them in their native wilds. Those who are interested in the subject of Spanish gipsies will do well to read "The Zincali, an account of the Gipsies of Spain," by George Borrow, author of that exciting book of adventure, "The Bible in Spain." He believed that their first appearance in Spain was early in the

¹ "In Northern Spain," by Gadow. Some, however, think that it is merely the Pilgrim's Shell. See "Cockle Hat," in the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," by Brewer. The same work, under "Scallop Shell," says, "Emblem of St. James of Compostella; adopted, says Erasmus, because the shore of the adjacent sea abounds in them. Pilgrims used them for a cup, spoon and dish; hence the punning crest of the Disington family is a scallop shell. On returning home the pilgrim placed his scallop shell in his hat to command admiration, and adopted it in his coat-armour." See also in the same work under "Shells."

fifteenth century. They are thought to have come from north-east Europe and to have entered Spain from France, where they were cruelly treated. At first they were wanderers, as they are now in England, but as time went on they settled in the most prosperous cities of Andalusia, notably Sevilla, Valencia and Granada, where they made a living by stealing whatever they could lay hands on, but especially horses and mules. They clipped and altered with such skill the look of the animals thus obtained that it was very difficult to recognize them. The women told fortunes and prepared potions and assisted their lords in spoiling the *Busné*¹ to the best of their ability. Borrow enjoyed very exceptional opportunities for studying gipsy life and character, for he was able to speak their language (Romany, akin to Sanscrit), and they believed him to be one of themselves. His opinion of them was that of all beings in the world they are the least susceptible to feelings of gratitude. They have no religion, but they escaped persecution from the Roman Catholics in Spain because they were considered too insignificant. At least, so he was told by an inquisitor eighty years old, who thus formed a link between our own times and the Dark Ages.

At the beginning of the century there were about 60,000 gipsies in Spain and in the middle of the century only 40,000. They are a very dirty, slovenly race, in striking contrast to the clean, tidy Spaniards. Their code is, "cheat and rob the *Busné* and stand by each other ;" for they hate all the rest of mankind and live by deceiving them.

From the gipsy quarter of Granada we ascended to the terrace by the church of San Nicholas. The view of the Alhambra is magnificent. One can, if driving, easily combine the Cartuja with the other sights of Granada.

¹ *Busné*, he who is not a gipsy.

As for the climate of Granada, I found it quite perfect when I was there in March, but the weather was exceptionally warm for the time of year. The Alhambra hill is about 3,000 feet above sea level.

I saw one or two people at Granada with bicycles, and if prepared occasionally to take the train—not in order to travel faster, but because in places there are no high roads—a party could make a very delightful bicycling tour in Spain. The roads in the north of Spain are magnificent, and there the places of interest are not far apart as in the south. A pleasant little work has recently been published, entitled “Sketches Awheel in *fin-de-siècle* Iberia,” by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, authors of “Algerian Memories.” This will be found full of useful hints to cyclists intending to tour in Spain. That lady was the first who has toured on a bicycle in that country. Both travellers carried revolvers and had to show them once or twice. They were occasionally annoyed by children, especially in the south, when sometimes stones were thrown at them. From the better classes, however, they received the greatest courtesy. Drunken waggon drivers bothered them in Murcia, and when the mules were alarmed by the cyclists, the men became sometimes dangerously insulting. I think the riders would have acted wisely had they invariably dismounted at the sight of a mule. These animals are always terrified by a cycle, as I have found to my cost in out-of-the-way parts of Italy.

A character one often hears of at Granada is the “Gran Capitan.” I could not find much about him in the guide books, so the following may be of interest:—Gonsalvo, or Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba, surnamed the Great Captain, was the celebrated general of Ferdinand and Isabella. He never lost a battle, except on one occasion against the French at Seminara,

when he fought because persuaded, against his better judgment, to do so by the impetuosity of Ferdinand. The Chevalier Bayard was with the French during some of the skirmishes near Baretta, 1502. The Great Captain in the following year conquered Naples, entering it on May 14th, 1503. Ferdinand about this time became so jealous of his general that he followed him to Italy and from there sent him back to Spain. In 1512, at the urgent request of the Pope and other allies of Ferdinand, the Great Captain was again placed at the head of an expedition to Italy, but the king, alarmed at the enthusiasm displayed, summarily disbanded the army. Gonzalo then retired to Loja, where he spent his time in plans for ameliorating the condition of his tenants and neighbours. He died at Granada in 1515. I am indebted for the above particulars to the article in the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.

GIBRALTAR.

If bound for Gibraltar one must return to Bobadilla and there change into another train. The line to Algeciras belongs to an English company and is, I understand, doing very badly ; the carriages are by no means an improvement on the Spanish ones.

The line does not go to the Rock, but ends at Algeciras, a Spanish town on the opposite coast of the bay, across which steamers running in connection with the trains make the passage in half an hour. The scenery from Ronda to Algeciras is most striking. The railway follows the course of a deep, narrow, and well-wooded valley, the line being carried along, often on a mere propped-up ledge, high above the river, through southern vegetation ; the undergrowth of dwarf palm, the orange

trees and the prickly pear and aloes giving an almost tropical appearance to the landscape. I was fortunate in the continual fine weather I enjoyed during my first tour, and saw the country under its most charming aspect, with the fresh green of spring just appearing and the fruit trees pink and white with blossom. The train runs to the pier at Algeciras where the steamer is waiting, but at Gibraltar passengers must land in small boats. On ordinary occasions there is a fixed sum for landing each passenger and each piece of luggage beyond three bags, which are carried free. In rough weather a flag is put up to indicate that the fares are doubled or even trebled, according to the difficulty experienced in landing. Cook's landing tickets will be found very useful.

Gibraltar surprised me in many ways. At the gate was a sentry who scanned me and my belongings with a lightning glance, said "British subject?" with the merest hint of an interrogation, and let me pass on. Then came a policeman, directing the traffic with uplifted hand. It might have been Oxford Street but for the queer people of all nations strolling about.

After depositing my things at the Hotel Bristol, I sallied forth to shop. Everything was very dear and very bad, especially a sponge full of sharp rocks which cost 5s. 6d. The shopkeepers are adepts in fleecing the trusting stranger. All payments should be made in Spanish money, but everything is priced in shillings to him who knows no better.

I saw more of Gibraltar when I returned there a week later.

TANGIER.

I was anxious to go over to Tangier without delay as the weather was fine, so as the best of the English boats happened to sail next day, I took my passage. She started an hour



LANDING AT TANGIER.

and a half later than the appointed time, for which no excuse was even attempted. I found eventually that this was quite usual.

The boats are built, owned and captained by Englishmen. They are by no means good. It is often rather a rough crossing to Tangier and takes from three to four hours ; but for much of the time a great deal of shelter is given by the Spanish and

African coasts. It is wise to wire to the hotel from Gibraltar ordering a man to meet the steamer, and as soon as one arrives at Tangier, a person in yellow slippers and brightly coloured dressing-gown steps on board and claims one with the telegram in his hand. Such an individual from the Hotel Villa de France met me, addressed me in fluent English, and superintended the landing of my three hand-bags. A pier was constructed in 1897 and the steamers can lie alongside it, but owing to some unpleasantness between the steamboat owners and the pier authorities they did not up to the summer of 1898 do so, but landed their passengers in small boats. The first step ashore takes one immediately into Oriental surroundings, and the whole scene, from the sea up to the hotel, is thoroughly Eastern in character. The Custom-house, where a couple of Moors in spotless white robes sit cross-legged, is remarkably pleasant after the bustle and confusion of a European *douane*. The luggage is placed at the feet of these highly respectable looking old gentlemen, one lifts the lids of one's boxes, and opens one's bags, one receives a bow and a smile, and nothing is touched. One may then rise from the rug and go one's way up a narrow and tortuous lane, crowded with Moors, niggers, and donkeys, and perhaps a caddy or two with golf clubs *en route* for the links ! Presently one emerges on the upper Soko, or market-place, a large piece of waste ground where a throng of picturesque natives with their camels may often be seen, buying and selling, chattering and disputing, while the snake charmer gathers a crowd in one corner, and the story-teller has an attentive audience in another. It is easy to slip in and out with a hand camera concealed beneath a cloak amongst these most pictorial groups. It is against the religious principles of Mahommedans to be photographed. However, this need not prevent one from obtaining pictures if one uses a little tact.

On the upper slopes of the Soko stands the new English church, an eyesore to all lovers of the picturesque, who regret that this ugly building has intruded on so thoroughly Oriental a scene. Above the market-place, on the bank near the town, is a Saint's tomb, inclosed to form a house of prayer. Here the women may enter, but no woman may go into a mosque except on one particular day in the year, and no one who is not a Mahommedan may enter at all. Those who have visited Algiers will remember that this is not the case there, but I believe that when the French annexed the country they only allowed the mosques to remain standing on condition that Christians could go into them without molestation.

Still further inland is the desolate looking Moorish cemetery, and here every Friday the women of the better classes congregate and gossip as fast as their tongues can wag.

I was singularly fortunate in meeting people at the hotel who understood and were interested in the Moorish population. One lady in particular warmly befriended any who were in distress, and had procured a lady doctor from England to work among the women. This lady told me a great deal about her patients and her difficulties with them. She lives entirely amongst the people and has so identified herself with them that she declared she now saw things from quite an Oriental point of view. The women are hard to amuse when ill. If they are given pictures to look at, they object that they are inaccurate; for why, they say, is a big man put in one place and a very little man in another? So perspective is voted bad drawing, and they declare that they don't wish to see such stupid things. Luckily most of the natives are willing to be vaccinated, but it was by a fluke that their confidence in the safety from small-pox which it gives was established.

It seems that some years ago the Sheriffa, who is English,

persuaded about a dozen Moorish women to let her vaccinate them. Very soon after there was a serious epidemic of small-pox, and all those who had been vaccinated escaped. Thus in Tangier, considering that it is an eastern town, vaccination is extensively used, but small-pox, both in Morocco and Spain, is common, so people will be wise who are vaccinated before they leave England for a tour in these countries. There is a good deal of miasma about Tangier, and it is unwise to linger near stagnant water. * It is unsafe to drink the water anywhere in Morocco.

While listening to stories of Moorish oppression and cruelty, and hearing of the uncivilized way in which the people live, it is hard to realize that one is but two or three hours' steam from a British port. All visitors to Tangier are familiar with the outward aspect of the prison there, that dark and noisome living tomb, with its tiny window, through which eager hands are stretched for the food brought by friends, the only food the prisoners get. But I daresay many persons do not know why most of these poor creatures are shut up, though it is an open enough secret in the place, for a Moor, if he has money, will do everything in his power to conceal the fact, lest he be seized, locked up, and probably tortured till all of it is handed over; and then perhaps he is forgotten and ends his life, which cannot be a long one, never regaining his liberty. Many of these wretched beings, when in terror of the authorities, entreat the representatives of our government to protect them, and occasionally the British Consul will find that during the night a sheep has been sacrificed on his immaculately white door-steps, a tribute which a Moor believes no one could resist. But what, except in a very small way, can be done when the Emperor of Morocco has absolute power and his system of government is corrupt to the core?

From Tangier the chief expedition is to Tétuan, a ride of fifty

odd miles. It is best to go through in one day and spend two nights at Tetuan, where there is now a hotel—of sorts. One can ride on from Tetuan to Ceuta, and thence cross to Gibraltar ; but the objection to that course is that one cannot embark at Ceuta if the sea is very rough. I did not go to Tetuan because there was a case of small-pox at the hotel there at the time. It is a ride of six days to Fez, and I believe the country is usually safe with a proper escort : I mean, a member of the Emperor's body-guard, who is given to travellers at their request and is bound to defend them with his own life. For the defence, however, he relies more on moral effect than anything else, inasmuch as he is often unarmed.

But one can understand that firearms are hardly necessary, for should a European travelling under the protection of the Emperor of Morocco be killed by any of the tribes, a large indemnity is claimed by his government, and to meet it a heavy tax is levied by the Emperor on the district where the outrage took place, the people being terribly ground down by the local governor who has to collect it. Thus it is to the interest of all to protect anyone travelling under the Emperor's ægis. There is, however, one place where it is always dangerous to go, and that is along the coast from Tangier to Ceuta, which is infested by the Riffs. This tribe is utterly lawless, and its members are pirates of the fiercest character. It is positively unsafe for a sailing vessel to venture far out from Gibraltar towards the opposite coast, and one constantly hears of the raids this tribe has made upon ships unable to escape. It is no unusual thing for men to be brought to the Royal Naval Hospital at Gibraltar cut about and maltreated by these savage people. One sees them at Tangier on great feast days, swaggering about, gun in hand, with their heads close-shaven, save for one lock by which they believe the angel Gabriel will pull them up to heaven.

The chief sight at Tangier is the native life, and ladies may visit the harem of the Basha if they like. There is not much to see. Visitors should shake hands with everyone who comes forward to greet them, and again on leaving. I was told that the Basha is badly off, and is allowed to live practically rent-free if he permits European ladies to visit his harem, and thus adds to the sights of Tangier.

Many travellers describe the beggars of Tangier as the most importunate of their class. I found them fewer in number and less annoying than I expected. One dignified Moor, established in a profitable corner, returned a penny which was given to him, remarking that it was too little. The donor has kept it as a curiosity.

There are no carriage roads in Morocco, but the construction of one at Tangier is talked of.

English money is current at the hotels at Tangier.

Gibraltar postage stamps are used for letters to England and Spain. There is both an English and a French Post Office at Tangier. There is a great variety of Moorish stamps used for inland posts by runners. These posts are very regular, and frequent to the more important towns, such as Fez. The stamps are scarce in England, so it is worth bringing home some for stamp-collecting friends.

It is a pleasant two hours' ride, over downs and moors, covered in spring with the great white flowers of the cistus, to Cape Spartel. Travellers should take luncheon; a room will be placed at their disposal at the Lighthouse, and a table nicely laid out with plates, knives, and forks. The Lighthouse, with its spotless interior and courteous European director, is a great contrast to uncivilized Tangier. I believe the Powers are responsible for a certain number of years in turn for this very necessary warning light.

The last day of my stay at Tangier happened to coincide with the first day after the great fast of Ramadan, when for forty days all good Mahommedans—and in this respect none seem to be bad—refrain from food from sunrise to sunset. I



AFTER RAMADAN, TANGIER.

understand that much illness is caused by this fast, and it is no wonder, especially when Ramadan falls when the days are long. Every evening at sunset a gun was fired at Tangier, and from the terrace of the Hotel Villa de France one could hear the buzz of voices rise from the town below at the signal that another day's fast was done, while the beggar crouching by the

steps thrust a piece of bread into his mouth as the echoes died away. The end of Ramadan is celebrated by a procession to the praying enclosure next to the hotel, from the roof of which one has an excellent view of the proceedings. The service on that day began about 7.30 a.m. and lasted an hour or so, and then to the sound of a band, if I can call it such, the worshippers filed down again to the town.

It was a most picturesque sight, and can be realized better from the photograph than from any words of mine.

I returned to Gibraltar by a Spanish steamer, and found it an improvement on the English boat.

A winter in Gibraltar, to anyone who enjoys an outdoor life, must be very pleasant; but in summer, almost surrounded by water, and exposed to the full glare of the sun, the Rock is a veritable purgatory. Then it is that a trip to Tangier is like a journey to Paradise. Tangier with its northern aspect, its breezy terraces, where you can lounge all day under shady trees, its cool, fresh air, is an untold boon to the parched-up dwellers on the Rock.

RONDA.

From Gibraltar I went to Ronda, and this should certainly be a stopping-place.

The Customs examination at Algeciras was no joke. The man who was diving in my bag brought up an unopened box of photographic plates. He smelt it, turned it over and dived again, bringing up another. This went on till he had six lying side by side on the platform, where the examination takes place. I felt very bad. He looked hard at me, then smiled, gesticulated reassuringly, and marched off with the plates to

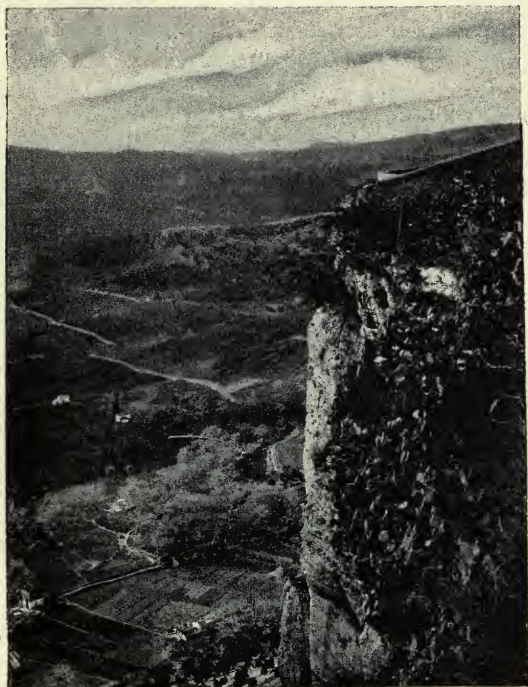
the chief officer. Evidently this person was a sensible man, for they were soon returned without having been opened.

The landlord of the Hotel America at Ronda met me on the platform, and he turned out to be a British subject, born on the Rock, and becomingly proud of being a subject of the Queen. I shall never forget the chambermaid of that hotel. White-haired, entirely toothless, and amazingly supple of limb, she dodged about from point to point of my room till I became positively giddy, while she chattered with the gusto of a London sparrow, and gesticulated and grimaced the better to convey her meaning. Finally she seized me by the elbow, opened her mouth very wide, thrust three of her fingers into it, and then running me out of the door as if I were a wheelbarrow, pointed downstairs. The meaning was clear, so I adjourned to the dining-room.

As the guide books declared that the natives of Ronda were unfriendly to strangers, throwing stones at them, and otherwise manifesting displeasure at their intrusion, I promised myself ample protection in the shape of a guide.

Later on he turned up; an affable youth who spoke some French and submitted to be taken wherever I wished, even down a steep place and out into the country, an excursion he afterwards described as of a most fatiguing nature. The sights of Ronda are such as its extraordinary position and the architecture of its Moorish quarter furnish, and visitors not pressed for time will easily find the way about by themselves and see all that is worth seeing. The three bridges should be crossed, as the views are different from each and eminently picturesque. A lady alone will do well to take a small boy, simply that he may keep off the others; and let her be further provided with a stout stick—it is an invaluable companion, producing the right effect, for it never seems to make the children angry and spiteful,

but merely keeps them at a distance. Considering that there is no compulsory education in Spain, that the children never do any work, and that their whole lives are spent loafing in the



CLIFF ON WHICH RONDA STANDS.

streets, it is astonishing that the result in later years is not a population of criminals.

The artist or photographer is sure to be a centre of attraction while at work, but the crowd invariably contains a few persons

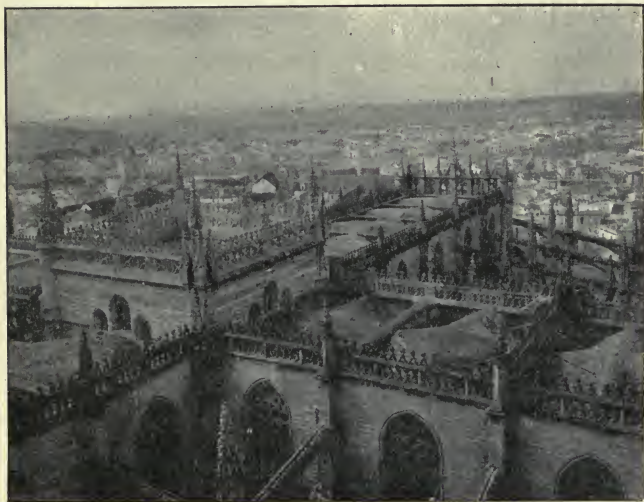
who at a word or sign will see that the view is not obstructed. The people are so 'idle that they welcome a pretext for hanging about. Let me give a hint to anyone who wishes to sketch for, let us say, a couple of hours at some point where he will be visible to passers-by. Let him ask a policeman to stay with him during the time to keep off the people, and for a peseta he will obtain a most willing and effective protection against annoyance. I went out by myself next morning at Ronda and was followed by swarms of children. The landlord remarked on my return that if he had known I was going for a walk in the town he would have sent a policeman with me, adding that he might as well walk with me as walk about by himself. So no one need hesitate to make use of a member of that excellent force whenever he can help, and a little tip given to him is far more valued than is three times the amount by a greedy cicerone.

Some medical men at Madrid are trying to make Ronda a sort of Alpine health resort. The air justifies their high opinion of it, but the drawbacks to the place, from an invalid's point of view are considerable. It is impossible to take many walks without descending a great deal. The town is thickly populated, and epidemics are not unheard of. The accommodation is at present inadequate to meet the requirements of really delicate people. The Alhambra hill at Granada seems to me in every respect more suitable for a high-air cure.

SEVILLA.

I got to Sevilla in the middle of the afternoon, and after leaving my luggage at the Hotel de Madrid, went to the Cathedral. Though I knew it was undergoing extensive repair, I was not aware how greatly it had been injured by the earthquake of 1888; and it was a keen disappointment to find that the whole

of the nave was blocked up with scaffolding, and that therefore the impression of immense size, for which Sevilla Cathedral is so noted, was entirely absent. It also seemed to me that it would be hardly possible to get a general view of the interior at any time, as the columns, 14 feet square, hinder one from looking



VIEW FROM THE GIRALDA, SEVILLA.

diagonally across, while the view from the West end is of course cut short by the *coro*.

A courteous silver-haired sacristan took me in charge before long, and conducted me to the octagonal Sala Capitulare, where, far too high up to be seen in comfort, are several exquisite paintings by Murillo. These, his "Vision of St. Anthony of Padua" in the baptistery (which is the first chapel to the left when entering the Cathedral from the adjoining parish church),

“San Leandro” and “San Isidoro,” in the Sacristia Mayor, and the “Guardian Angel,” in the Capilla del Consuelo, are the works by this master found here, and there are many other paintings well worth notice. The treasury and the collection of vestments are, I believe, the finest in Spain. Visitors apply for a ticket, price one peseta, at an office in the Cathedral—anyone will point out where it is—before 10.30 a.m. The youth who exhibits the things expects a gratuity, and no wonder, for if one wishes to see all, it will take hours. The vestments, the value and gorgeousness of which are amazing, are crowded together in presses, and flung out roughly on tables and chairs for inspection.

Even on a dull day it is worth while ascending the Giralda tower, for the sake of the view it commands of the exterior of the Cathedral. I give an illustration of part of it; the sort of gravel heaps over the vaulting are particularly odd. Walking round the church outside one sees that architecture and decoration of many kinds are found side by side, and I should think it possible that the building is more mixed in style than any other. Columns which adorned Roman temples, Moorish walls with flame-pattern parapets belonging to the mosque which formerly stood here, a Moorish gateway, a Græco-Roman portal, a Western façade with flamboyant decoration, and scores of smart white, glaring little canopies, row above row, waiting for the brand-new figures of saints who shall stand under them, go to make up this remarkable whole. The guide books state that the interior is of the purest Spanish Gothic. On the other hand, Charles H. Moore, in his splendid work on Gothic Architecture, published by Macmillan in 1890, says that there is no absolutely pure Gothic in Spain, nor indeed anywhere except in France.¹ The first chapter of this helpful book will

¹ Mr. Moore seems to me insufficiently acquainted with our English

do more to make clear to those who know little of the subject where the real differences between Romanesque and its descendant, Gothic, come in, than any other work with which I am acquainted. For the benefit of the few who may know no more of Gothic Architecture than I did while I was at Sevilla, I should like to briefly summarize Mr. Moore's very helpful and clear definition of it. He says that "English writers generally have understood by Gothic merely a style of building in which pointed arches take the place of round ones, and in which mouldings and other details are treated in a peculiar way. . . . These conceptions of the nature of Gothic are inadequate. . . . The principles to be considered are constructive principles. . . . In architecture mere forms, apart from their functional offices and relations, are not enough to enable us to apprehend the distinctive characteristics of style." Moore goes on to quote from the monumental work of M. Viollet-le-Duc, who, in the "*Dictionnaire Raisoné de l'Architecture Française*," has given a profound and exhaustive illustration of Gothic. "He has shown that Gothic architecture came into being as a result of the development of a new constructive system of building. A system which was a gradual evolution out of the Romanesque; and one whose distinctive characteristic is that the whole character of the building is determined by, and its whole strength is made to reside in, a finely organized and frankly confessed framework rather than walls. . . . It is . . . a system of balanced thrusts, as opposed to the former system of inert stability. Gothic architecture is indeed much more than such a constructive system, but it is this primarily and always. . . . It may be taken as a rule that whenever we find it

Cathedrals to give so definite an opinion as he does about their alleged shortcomings. For instance, he almost entirely ignores our chapter-houses, which are often as purely Gothic as anything one can find in France.

developed there we have a Gothic building, even though the decorative system connected with it may retain many of the Romanesque characteristics, and, on the other hand, wherever this principle of thrust and counter-thrust is wanting, there we have not Gothic, however freely the pointed arch may be used and however widely the ornamental details may differ from the Romanesque types.

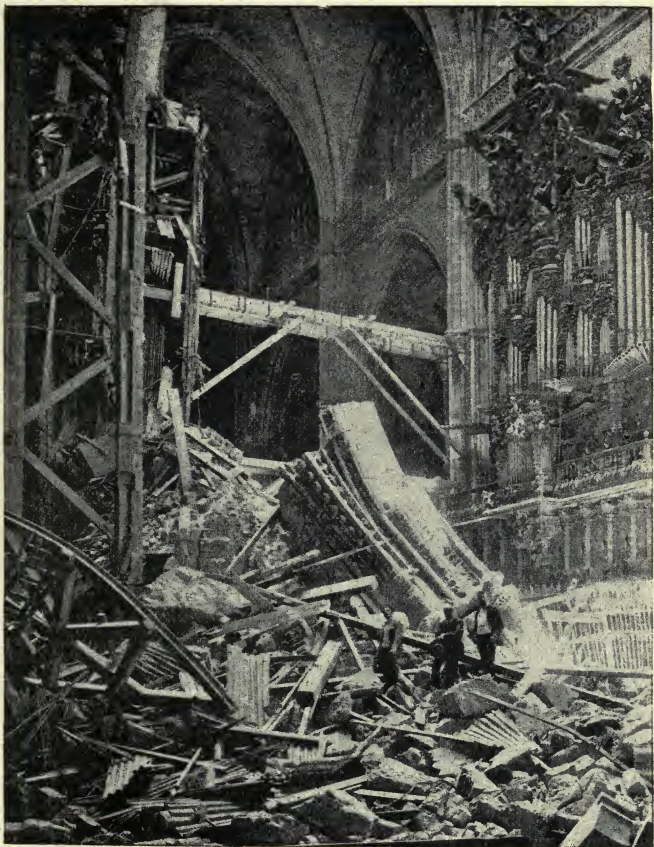
“In the frankness with which its functional members are confessed, joined with the skill with which they are at the same time wrought into adornments, reside largely the grandeur and the impressiveness of the external aspect of a great Gothic Cathedral” (Moore, p. 119).

Going by the above definition, one may safely say that the interior of Sevilla Cathedral, with its pointed arches, is more Gothic in appearance than in reality.

Moore, of course, selects the Cathedrals of Burgos, Léon and Tolédo, as being the most truly Gothic buildings in Spain; but he adds, “They exhibit certain peculiarities that are not strictly Gothic; for instance the heavily walled-in clerestory of Burgos, and the absence of pier buttresses, whereby the heads of the flying buttresses are received directly against the face of the wall.” Moore, however, adds that these buildings, while neither Spanish in origin nor Gothic with absolute strictness, “are Gothic in the main, their vaults having the Gothic concentration upon the piers, the internal vaulting system being completely developed, and their vault thrusts being met by systems of flying buttresses, but it may, I suppose, be also said that they are among the grandest edifices in the world.”¹

The following extract from a paper by Mr. Somers Clarke,

¹ For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with architectural terms, I have given, at the end of the book, some illustrations of architectural features kindly drawn for me by Mr. Mallows.



SEVILLA CATHEDRAL. RESULT OF THE EARTHQUAKE,
AUGUST 1ST, 1888.

(By a local photographer.)

which appeared in the R.I.B.A. Journal for March 5th, 1891, is of great interest. It refers to the various earthquakes by which the Cathedral of Sevilla was injured.

“On the 28th December, 1511, one of the four pillars at the crossing split, opened, and fell, bringing with it the lantern and three of the great arches. The construction of the new cimborio, or central lantern, was finished in 1517, but instead of rising some hundred feet above the great vaults, it stood up but twenty-five or thirty feet. A report of great interest, found in the chapter documents, on the ‘damages (and remedy for them),’ which the structure received from an earthquake, was quoted in full. From this report it appeared that the pillar which fell was the north-west pillar at the crossing, opposite to that which fell in 1888; and that earthquakes, and the use of stone too soft for the purpose, had hastened the fall of the original central tower. The new cimborio had four heavy corner turrets, which were removed to lighten the burden of the great pillars, the sectional area of which was described as being fully 100 square feet, English measure. They rose a clear seventy feet, and then received on two sides the arches opening into the aisles. Although lofty, the pillars were very large, and the construction above was solid and stable. Signor Casanova, who at the time of the author’s visit to Seville was the architect in charge, pointed out that in many of the great pillars carrying the nave vault the interior was not much better than earth, whilst the external surface was of poor and non-resisting material. In 1878 the building seemed the picture of solidity. In 1882 Signor Casanova reported upon the state of the cimborio; and again in 1883, after the earthquake of the preceding October. In December, 1884, came another earthquake, but work was not begun until about 1887. To relieve the piers of the crossing, the vault was taken off the

south transept, as also that of one bay of the north transept; the weakest pillars were supported by vertical baulks of timber; and in all directions the system of support seemed excellent. So little was it apprehended that the great south-west pillar of the cimborio would yield, that the stalls in the coro were not removed, the great iron screen, which shut in the coro was left, and the south organ was not taken away. On the 1st August, 1888, however, this great pillar fell, bringing with it the two arches, carrying the south and west walls of the cimborio, together with one arch of the nave arcade, one of the transept, and all the vaulting adjoining. The way in which the pier broke seemed to indicate that in its reconstruction after 1511 it was not rebuilt from the ground. A large portion was evidently left and the new work built upon it. This new work seemed to be very good, as in the fall it came down in enormous masses holding well together, while the old masonry crumbled under it. The author thought that the removal of the adjoining pillar on the south had partly caused the fall of the south-west pillar, and that directly the old part of the pier began to yield under the strain from the adjoining arch, the new work slipped forward and let down everything near it. Notwithstanding the mass of masonry that fell, the amount of damage done to the furniture and decorations had been but slight."

Having seen the Cathedral, the Alcazar is the next place to visit, that wonderful old palace whose battlemented walls rise close to the Cathedral. One passes under the archway and across a large court filled with orange trees. The entrance is then opposite, and the official will show where to get the "Guia del Alcazar," a little book, price two pesetas, which, oddly enough, contains the permit for four persons to see the whole of the palace and gardens. Without it only the down-

stairs rooms are shown. It is supposed to be available for one visit only, but on my return to the Alcazar the day after I had been there, I was admitted again with it, and permission given



ALCAZAR, SEVILLA.

me to photograph. I would warn all my brothers of the art not to over-expose their plates when taking such subjects as the interior of the Alcazar. It is better lit than one supposes.

The Sevilla Picture Gallery is a most restful, enchanting place. It is neither too large nor too small, and it has some of Murillo's sweetest visions on its walls. My favourite is "St. Thomas of Villanueva Giving Alms," a picture one never tires of gazing at, so varied are the figures, so vigorous and expressive the faces, so warm and glowing the colour. "St. Felix of Cantalico" is a charming canvas, so is "St. Joseph and the Child," so are others which will be found with such ease that I need not call attention to them. Zurbaran is represented by a huge composition, hung where the high altar of this desecrated church once stood. My education in the art of painting is too elementary for this picture to have given me the slightest pleasure, excellent though I know it to be. Martin de Vos's "Last Judgment" is now in the large room upstairs.

A delightful place to visit is the Caridad, or hospital for poor and aged men. "Caridad" means "charity, benevolence," and the guide books tell the circumstances of its foundation. Visitors ring at the gate, and are admitted into one of those cool, delicious *patios*, or open courts, which are such a feature of the Moorish towns of southern Spain. Here they are greeted by a sister, who conducts them to the church, where hang some almost priceless paintings by Murillo, indifferently seen in the poor light. There is a beautiful "Ecce Homo" by Alonzo Cano. Two very celebrated pictures by Valdés Leal, one of which is an unpleasant subject, unpleasantly treated, are by the West door, which the sister opens to admit light. The tombstone of the founder should be noticed, with its inscription, "Here lies the worst man in the world."

The sister will, if visitors desire it, take them through the wards of the institution. They are very lofty, thoroughly ventilated, and beautifully clean. Many of the old people sit about chatting in groups, the most infirm being in bed, and a

genial word of greeting, or even a bow and a smile, gives them pleasure, for their poor withered features brighten, and they return the salute with the stateliest courtesies.

It was a quaint idea to construct such a building as the so-called "House of Pilate," an attempt to reproduce Pilate's house at Jerusalem. On the whole it is very beautiful. It in many ways resembles the Alcazar, and well deserves a visit.

Riaño (p. 166) says of some tiles with the arms of the Mendozas in the house of Pilate, that they are amongst the only lusted reflects he knows of, the others being two beautiful fourteenth-century plaques at the entrance to the Cuarto Real de Sto. Domingo, at Granada, some copper-coloured lustres at the Torre de la Cautiva, Alhambra, and a few details in the coats-of-arms let into the tiles of the Chapel at the Alhambra. Originally *azulejos*, or glazed tiles, the manufacture of which was imported into Spain by the Arabs, were composed of small pieces let into the wall, forming geometrical patterns. The oldest tiles existing in Spain are in the Alhambra, and belong to the fourteenth century. There are two interesting specimens from the Alhambra in the South Kensington Museum. Any one intending to visit Spain will be wise to go first to this Museum, and study carefully the Spanish ironwork there, and also the specimens of Spanish art in general, gold and silver work, bronzes, arms, furniture, ivories, pottery, glass, etc. If Riaño's handbook (which can be purchased at the Museum) is used, an afternoon will suffice to see everything, and a journey through Spain will be doubly interesting afterwards.

The later tiles, used to decorate Christian churches, palaces, etc., were formed of a single piece like ordinary tiles, painted in imitation of Moorish colours.

The house where Murillo was born is still pointed out, and quite near it is his studio, 7, Plaza de Alfaro, which contains

some of his works in his earlier manner, and also pictures by Zurbaran and others. There is a head by Andrea del Sarto, but it has been cruelly restored. The high glaze and hardening of the colours in restorations of Sarto's paintings, look to me like the work of one particular hand, who, for all the skill he displayed, might have been a furniture polisher. Even the lovely study of del Sarto's wife, in the Madrid Gallery, has been nearly ruined by similar treatment; and one has only to see the exquisite glow and softness of his "Holy Family" at the Uffizi at Florence, to notice the difference between work all his own, and pictures tampered with by an ignorant restorer. The house containing Murillo's studio is now private property, but is always courteously shown on application. The master of the house usually takes visitors round, and it is, of course, impossible to tip him. He, however, values a genial word of thanks and a handshake, which show that visitors look on him as their host.

I visited the palace of San Telmo¹ one afternoon, having gone there in the morning with some friends to inquire if we might see it. We were very politely received and told that if we came about two o'clock we should be admitted. The Duchess de Montpensier had recently died, and rumour said that she had left the palace to an order of monks, to be henceforth used as a monastery. It further added that the surviving relatives were contesting the will, for by Spanish law a woman cannot alienate more than half her property from her family, and they contended that the palace represented more than half. Be this as it may, it seemed to us a pity that all the historic pictures and the

¹ Or St. Elmo. He is the Spanish patron saint of sailors. See Brewer, p. 414. Spaniards often change the position of the t in this way, as St. Iago, San Tiago. A reviewer of Gadow's "In Northern Spain" recorded this spelling as a misprint!

ornaments should be scattered and separated from their associations. Hare has touchingly described the unstudied way in which the many trifles and knick-knacks collected by the family in their travels lie about the rooms, and this was just how we saw them. The little water-colour by our Queen of an angel visiting a poor family is to the left on the wall on entering one of the drawing-rooms.

The gardens are by far the most delightful that I saw in Spain. They are very large for a town and there is abundance of shade. The trees are rare, beautiful and varied, and one could imagine one's self far away from a city when wandering in the grounds. They are in themselves worth a visit.

The churches in Sevilla, compared to those in many other Spanish towns, are not very interesting. I visited several, of which that of *Omnium Sanctorum* was the most highly recommended by the guide books, and the dullest. I did not see a single church with cloisters, yet they are peculiarly suitable to a hot climate.

One of the greatest charms of Sevilla is the street scenery, if I may so call it. The narrow, whitewashed Moorish lanes are shady and pleasant to walk in, with the peeps they give through beautifully wrought iron gates of cool *patios*, spotless white tiles, and palms and ferns standing about in great tubs. Sevilla is in greater part a city where one walks in the middle of the streets. The direction the traffic must take is indicated by an arrow at the beginning and end of such streets as are too narrow for vehicles to pass each other in.

It is interesting to note that many of the houses are adorned with marble columns, which from their style show that formerly they belonged to Roman temples and mosques. In the Plaza de la Constitucion, opposite the town-hall, the lower stories of the houses are supported by a row of such columns.

Visitors will notice the beautiful braziers in the curiosity shop just opposite the Hotel Madrid. They will be asked 160 pesetas for the largest size, but I will tell them where to get ones that would answer the purpose for five pesetas (bargaining necessary). Every Thursday, from 1 to 5 p.m. a fair is held in the narrow streets beyond the market. On inquiring for "El Jueves," anyone will point out the way. At this rubbish sale all sorts of things are heaped up along the sides of the streets, including dozens of *braseros* of all sizes. On other days I rather think they can be obtained cheaply at a corner shop of the street called Feria, where the tram lines turn off down the Correduria. Purchases can be sent home by sea through a goods agent (see advertisements in the "Guia").

I drove one afternoon to Italica, and anyone desiring a few hours' repose from sight-seeing in the town, cannot do better than visit the Roman amphitheatre there, of which however the remains above ground are very fragmentary. The excavated vaults are far better preserved, and more passages may perhaps yet be found and uncovered.

It is pleasant to stroll along by the river, by the beautiful promenade of Las Delicias late some fine afternoon. The shade and the cool air from the water are very welcome to the parched up inhabitants of Sevilla, and the road is crowded with carriages towards evening, and the path black with those on foot. Here can be seen to most advantage the much-talked-of Andalusian type of beauty, and certainly the dark hair and eyes of many of the ladies of Sevilla are very striking. But they usually powder their faces to such an extent that their skin is quite invisible beneath, and their figures are seldom slender and tall. I agree with those who say that during half an hour on a fine June morning in Hyde Park, there will be seen a far greater number of beautiful women, and that the women will

be individually more beautiful than those met with during an entire week at Sevilla. These remarks, however, apply only to the upper classes. Of the lower orders both at Sevilla and in many other Spanish cities, I must write very differently. On returning to England the women of the poorest class struck me as particularly plain. But I daresay a certain amount of the good looks of the Spanish peasant are attributable to the neatness of her dress and the tidy and even smart way in which she does her hair. She would never stoop to wear draggle-tailed third-hand finery.

MÉRIDA.

I went through in the day from Sevilla to Mérida. In spite of warning the hotel people to be punctual in calling me (for the previous year they were half an hour later than the time named), I was given only twenty-five minutes to dress, pack and breakfast. I think an alarm watch would be a great boon for Spanish travel, as on some occasions they entirely forgot to call me at all.

The great Roman aqueduct of Mérida is close to the railway station, in fact the train actually passes under it. It is tenanted by scores of storks, which greatly add to its picturesqueness. These birds have their nests in every cranny of the ancient walls, and they make a curious rattling noise which can be heard from some distance. The neighbourhood of the aqueduct will fascinate all keen photographers, who will find endless beautiful pictures there. The Roman bridge close to it, seen from the stepping-stones—themselves of Roman hewn stone—of the little stream, is charming, and I can fancy an artist revelling for days together in this spot.

The hotel—the Fonda Madrileña de Florentino Cámara, Santa Eulalia 22—is some little distance up in the town. It is over a pastrycook's, which is as good as the average Spanish confectioner's, and that is high praise. There is a "casa des Huespedes," or lodging house, immediately opposite, and here rooms would be obtainable if the hotel were full. This is the



ROMAN BRIDGE AT MÉRIDA.

one hotel I met with in Spain where I think travellers would do wisely to take their rooms several days in advance. The place is much visited by commercial travellers, and as, like many other hotels in Spain, the house was originally a private dwelling, the disposition of its rooms is extremely awkward. In other words, it possesses several suites of what the proprietor is pleased to call "habitaciones familiares," and these consist of a

double-bedded room, with a second double room, without windows, entered by glass doors from the other, and having no door to the passage. It is therefore well to specify by letter that rooms must be "separado." On this occasion I had two friends with me and we only got ours "separado" by declaring that if none were forthcoming we would go over to the lodging house. This hotel was perhaps the most primitive at which I stayed. Our dinner menu will be reassuring to those who dread starvation as the penalty for departing from the beaten track. It was as follows:—Good soup, followed by stewed kidneys, the best I have ever tasted. Fresh fish, fried, very hot and no oil; it was excellent. Delicious cutlets and salad. Sweets, first class (I copy from my notes made on the spot), quince preserve, little cakes. Dessert of melon, oranges, etc. The wine was particularly good.

The rooms were clean. My friends had a room opening off a sort of general sitting room, which we had to ourselves after dinner. But about 11 p.m. the commercial travellers began to return from their work, and they sat there and played cards most of the night. These gentlemen seem all to keep similar hours. They travel by day, reach their destinations for dinner, and rush out immediately after to *cafés*. Here they transact their business, and apparently they go to bed at 2 a.m. or after. One is awakened by a tremendous jangling of keys. Then the doors are unlocked and banged. After that the occupants tramp for a time about their rooms, finishing by throwing their boots into the passage. Another bang of the door and then silence till an hour determined by that of the departure of the morning train.

Their manners at table are no worse, as regards eating, than those of the Swiss, and they are invariably polite and ready to give information. Spanish commercial travellers swarm in the

hotels of even the smaller towns ; and one wonders how it is in a country which must be practically bankrupt that so much commerce can exist. But Spain is curiously deceptive. Many a time, while noting facts around us, such as electric light in nearly every town (sometimes where water-power is not available), the magnificent roads, the costly railways, the clean, tidy-looking peasants, and rosy-cheeked children to be seen even in Galicia, we asked each other where were the signs of poverty we had expected? Italy strikes me in some parts as a far more poverty-stricken looking country than Spain, and yet it cannot be so. I leave my readers to account for the anomaly. I am utterly unable to do so.

A whole day is necessary in order to see Mérida thoroughly. We took a small boy round with us, as some of the places, especially the entrance to the Convent, are not easy to find. A house nearly opposite the hotel has a charming Ajimez window.

It is worth while walking to the very end of the Roman bridge, as only by doing this can one realize its remarkable length. It may be interesting to compare it with other well-known or very long bridges :

1. Bridge over the Volga on the Siberian railway 4 miles.
2. Tay Bridge . . . 3,593 yards, or more than 2 miles.
3. Bridge at Mérida . . . 2,675 feet, or about half a mile.
4. Westminster Bridge 1,160 feet.
5. Bridge at Cordova 730 feet.

The width of the bridge at Mérida, 26 feet, is exceptionally great for an ancient bridge.

Just before reaching it is a most picturesque Parador, where the country people find accommodation for man and beast.

After seeing the bridge, the Convent should be next visited, and here an hour can be pleasantly spent, or longer, if the weather is hot.

The Convent consists of the remains of a Roman castle, surrounded by a high wall on one side, overhanging the river close to the town end of the bridge.

Within this wall is a well, or, as the gardener calls it, the Roman bath, reached through a door with fine white marble side posts, and approached by a long double staircase, at the bottom of which is some good carving, and overhead a curious stone with holes in it, which it is thought was originally a sacrificial stone. The effect of the light on the green water below is perfectly beautiful. Photographers will appreciate the arcade outside the gardener's house, covered with queer, eighteenth-century frescoes of birds and animals. With the earthenware water-bottles standing about, and the brightly-coloured gourds hanging from the ceiling, this gallery is a delightful picture. The gardener's family, however, are fond of making part of it, and it is as well to keep a plate in order to satisfy them, after which one can get an exposure of their home without the doubtful advantage of their presence. Close by are three arches, now glazed in, supported by good Roman columns. Above them, scraps of moulding and capitals have been built into the wall.

If the day is fine no pleasanter lounge can be imagined than the walk along the top of the Convent wall overlooking the river, with the distant view over miles of country. I fancy that it might be worth while returning here at sunset, it is quite close to the hotel. The gardener presented us with the best oranges I have ever tasted, which he cut off the trees for us.

It is well to apply early in the day for the key of the museum, any boy will obtain it, or the policeman on duty in the large

square will point out where the guardian lives. The man was away when we were at Mérida, so we were unable to see the museum.

Buildings of interesting appearance stand round and near the square. The Teatro Ponce de León, in a desecrated church, is curiously built, large squares of stone being inserted in the brickwork. Both at the Convent and elsewhere we noticed a simple but effective wall bordering of brick, the bricks, sometimes in two rows, sometimes in three, being placed in the way indicated below.

One cannot help remarking how much admirable decorative effect is obtained in Spain by the use of ordinary bricks in simple patterns. Moorish work frequently depends entirely for its enrichment on patterns made by merely setting the bricks end-ways and protruding them a little from the surface of the buildings.



The Roman theatre is rather well-preserved but does not differ from others of its class. Of the amphitheatre there are but scanty remains.

What is of greater interest than either of the above is the Roman race-course, the boundary of which is complete, except where a corner was cut off for the railway. In the centre traces of masonry are distinctly visible. There is here a circular opening, about 14 feet in diameter, near the point where the chariots must have turned. It has a little hole in the centre of it. I should much like to know what it was for. One archway still remains in the boundary of the race-course.

The church of Santa Eulalia merits a visit. The interior is picturesque and uncommon. There is a pretty wheel of bells, backed by a good Romanesque arch. The ceiling under the tower is of wood, with painted corners. The window over the

sanctuary arch, and the carved heads on the pedestal of the pulpit merit notice. Externally, the south door is good. Above it there is a cornice supported by corbels with faces.

The little chapel close by, where the saint underwent martyrdom is exceedingly quaint. Its façade is a queer jumble of styles in which plateresque predominates. Inside the chapel



SANTA EULALIA, MÉRIDA.

will be seen some very odd votive offerings, nothing less than the back hair of girls who have recovered from fever. The stone forming the threshold is delicately carved.

Santa Eulalia was born at Mérida about the year 296. Brought up in the Christian faith, she deemed it her duty, on the publication of the Diocletian Edicts, to confront the judges and reproach them for their impiety. Ashamed to put to death a mere child,

they tried persuasion to induce her to offer incense at the heathen altars. When she firmly refused, torture was applied, and that proving equally powerless to shake her constancy, she was finally burnt to death.

I believe that her name sometimes appears as Olalla.

Another church worth seeing is that of Santa Maria. It has an iron pulpit and there is a good arch across the chapel containing the font. The latter is of white marble and is well sculptured.

The arch of Trajan, commonly called the arch of Santiago, looks very unsafe. The keystone is dangerously loose, and I shall be surprised if the arch remains standing for many years unless repaired. It is a mere outline.

Mérida is not far from the Portuguese frontier, and is on the line to Lisbon from Sevilla, but I turned here and went to Madrid. Those intending to spend several days at Tolédo (and this I strongly recommend) can reach it by changing trains at the junction station of Algodor. Coming the previous year from Cordoba, I left the express in the early morning at Castilejo, a small junction where there is a wait of an hour and a half. It is possible to get coffee there, and also at Algodor, but nothing else, so some hard-boiled eggs and bread and butter had better be brought from the starting-point. There is no town to explore at Castilejo, so I whiled away the time with breakfast and a book. The passengers met with at these way-side stations are usually country people, and sometimes one sees two or three men, with guns over their shoulders and a quail in a cage as a decoy, going off a-shooting.



TOLÉDO.

TOLÉDO.

Very solemn and impressive does Tolédo seem to the arriving traveller, with its gray old bridge, its massive walls, its solid-looking buildings rising one above another crowned by the Alcazar, its feet for ever washed by the Tagus, which here makes a loop round the ancient city. Rocky and sandy hills

of indescribably barren aspect rise on the other side of the drab-coloured waters, and nowhere is this picture of decay and death relieved by a warmer tint. The intense gloom of this once mighty town fascinated me strangely and I lingered there day after day, till its stately air of majestic resignation was indelibly fixed on my mind. It is a wonderful place. I grew at last to think it the most wonderful place I had ever seen.

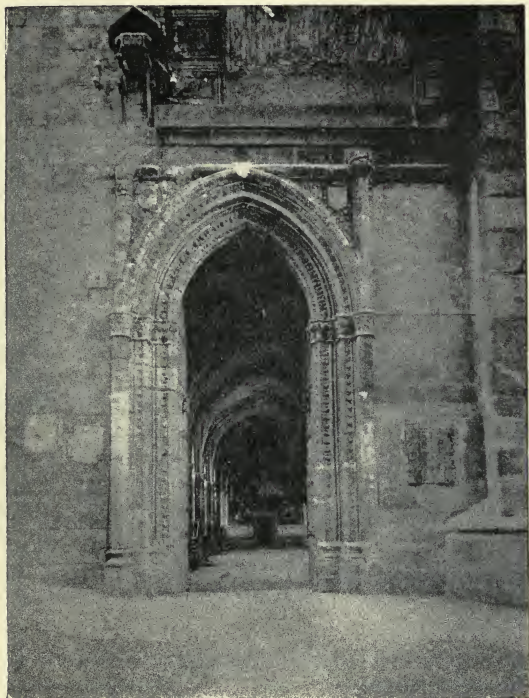
Toléo can now boast of an excellent hotel, in fact it is one of the best in Spain, and after a day on the shadeless hills and arid wastes beyond the town walls, it was pleasant to rest in the charming covered-in *patio* of the Hotel de Castilla.

Unfortunately it is usual for people to visit Toléo in one day from Madrid, and when this is the case every moment of time must be carefully laid out if the chief objects of interest are to be seen. For those who do not wish to take a guide I would advise the following plan being strictly adhered to: From the station cross the bridge, turn up and along to the right till, in six or seven minutes, the Puerta del Sol is reached, a magnificent gate leading nowhere. A few yards beyond it, to the left, is a steep road. Take it, pass under the archway, and the second door to the left is the entrance to the extraordinary little church of Cristo de la Luz. On knocking at the door a woman will come and unlock the church. Now re-descend to the high road, and continue to follow it for a few minutes between some houses and a church to the Puerta Visagra. This is a gate rising between two very fat towers. Above the outer arch are the arms and eagle of Charles V., probably the largest escutcheon on any building in the world. Turn sharp to the left, after passing through the gate, and follow the broad road parallel to the city walls with trees on each side, noticing to the right the very scanty remains of a Roman amphitheatre.

The building at the top of the hill some way beyond belongs to the new cemetery. Soon a pinnacled gate, the Puerta del Cambron, is seen on the left. Go through it to the church of San Juan de los Rayes a minute or so above it, the sacristan lives just below, near the gate. After seeing it, continue round the end and enter the cloisters by the first door to the right, where rebuilding has taken place in a style which it makes one ill even to think of. Then keep on for three or four minutes along the same street, when any boy will show the entrances to Santa Maria la Blanca and el Transito. They have externally so little the appearance of churches that they are hard to find. The latter is in a *plaza*, from one side of which is a striking view over the river. From here it is well to take a boy straight across the town, through its intricate Moorish streets, to the hotel.

After lunch visitors should go at once to the Cathedral ; it is perfectly easy to find, as it lies at the end of the only smart street of Tolédo. I purposely advise the Cathedral being seen in the afternoon because the Mozarabic chapel is not open in the morning. It is unnecessary to have a guide for this chapel, no matter what a gentleman on crutches, who is sure to hasten up, may say. The chapel is immediately under the tower and one enters by simply pushing the door open. But later on the sacristan is needed (and he is sometimes hard to find) in order that the entrances to the *coro*, and to the chapels of San Ildefonso and of Santiago, may be unlocked. The splendid *rejas* of the *coro* and the Capilla Mayor, and the bronze pulpits, should be noticed. The choir stalls, of the last period of Gothic and the best Renaissance, are considered the most important in Spain. The cloisters are entered from the street by an exquisite pointed doorway. Not far from the North door of the Cathedral, on the opposite side of the street, is the

entrance to what was formerly the office of the Inquisition. It now bears the name "Posada de la Hermandad" over the



CATHEDRAL CLOISTER, TOLÉDO.

portal, with a coat-of-arms, and, on either side of a barred window, signs, the meaning of which I do not know.

If visitors still have time on their hands, let them take a boy and make him show them the Casa de Mesa, the Taller del

Moro, Las Tornerias, the doorway of the Palace of Philip the Cruel, and other less important sights.

When leaving for the station it is best to set out from the Zocodover, or chief square, quitting it from the east corner by a footpath which descends under an archway and goes down a flight of steps to the Hospital of Santa Cruz. This has a magnificent portal. The inside is worth seeing but the authorities do not always admit visitors. One has only to follow this path down and it emerges close to the bridge beyond which is the station.

I took things in a much more leisurely way than this. I saw nothing but the Cathedral the day I arrived. Externally it is very mixed in style. Some of the portals are deeply recessed and lined with statues, while one of them is Ionic in design. Above the doors of the West façade is an excrescence which runs right across and in which are two windows. These almost entirely hide the great wheel. To my mind the finest things to be seen outside are the magnificent bronze doors, the lovely little pointed archway from the street to the cloisters, and the bell tower. The latter impresses one greatly when approaching the Cathedral from the Zocodover, and perhaps by raising one's expectations causes some disappointment when the exterior of the church itself is seen. At the feast of Corpus Christi a strange ceremony takes place at Tolédo, for then the "Gigantes," or colossal dolls, are made to execute a solemn dance before the Cathedral doors, and are afterwards carried in procession through the streets. The "Gigantes" seem to be a stock in trade for such purposes in several Spanish cities.

The interior of the Cathedral is overpoweringly grand. The width, including aisles, is given by Street as 178 feet, which is only exceeded by Milan 186 feet, and by Sevilla, 250 feet, neither of which churches, as he justly remarks, have any

claim to consideration except for their size. He goes on to say "The Cathedral of Tolédo equals, if it does not surpass, all other churches in Christendom in the beauty and scale of its plan." The roof, as seen from the tower, he describes as "altogether in a great mess"—which seems the usual condition of Cathedral roofs in Spain.



CRISTO DE LA LUZ, TOLÉDO.

I had considerable difficulty in finding Cristo de la Luz, and at last was led to the entrance by a friendly postman. The door was opened by an extremely handsome woman who, when I proposed photographing the interior, offered to throw herself in as well. I was doubtful as to her standing still for a whole minute, but she stuck to it valorously and the result is shown in the accompanying illustration. I did not know that the girl

in the doorway was visible, but she too was so quiet that the picture was not spoiled. Spaniards are said to be champions in the art of doing nothing, and I suppose this tends to tranquillity under all circumstances which may arise. The little garden behind the church, with its quaint walls as a background, is charming. When I tried to explain to the woman that I would send her a copy of the photograph from England, I was in a great difficulty and my Spanish proved totally inadequate. By this time, various female hangers-on had assembled, and each tried to out-do the other in wild guesses as to my meaning. In spite of reassuring smiles on my part, they began to doubt the excellence of my intentions towards them, and the guesses evidently became less and less well-meaning, while I frantically searched a conversation book in Spanish and English for the verb "to send." At last, when I almost despaired, I came on it, and fired it off amid the attentive group. The effect was instantaneous. They seized me by the hands, they patted me on the back, they ejaculated a score of times, "Ah! the good Señorita!" till I felt convinced that my intentions had previously been misconstrued to a deplorable extent. Then I searched my book again for "your address." By this time they were very happy and effusive, but as none of them could write, nor even dictate the letters of the good lady's name, we were in a hole. However, someone was despatched to scour the town for a learned person able to wield a pen, and at length a minute slip of paper was handed to me with the required information. We parted with mutual good wishes and handshakes, and I strolled off to the bridge of San Martin and there again set to work with the camera.

I had just finished taking a view of the town across the Tagus, when I saw a ragged person, evidently a beggar, climbing up the steep slope with great rapidity. Wishing to avoid him,

I quickly gathered my things together and went on the bridge, working there for a little time before I noticed that O'Shea's guide was not amongst my possessions, and that I had doubtless left it on the wall near which I had last photographed. Of course it had disappeared when I went back, but I determined



SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA, TOLÉDO.

to try and recover it. I remembered a much less hopeful case, when I dropped a purse containing nearly 200 liras in a crowded street at Pozzuoli, near Naples, and got back all the money (the purse had already been destroyed) thanks to the promptness of an old priest and two gendarmes who aided me when I applied to them. One of the city gates was near, in fact the spot where O'Shea was doubtless engulfed in the ample rags of

the beggar could be seen from it. So I betook myself there, and with the aid of a very little Spanish, and a great deal of action, the *octroi* officials understood me, and proceeded to note my name and address.

The same day, late in the afternoon, while passing under one of the town gates, I was stopped by a grave-looking official who requested me to come into the office, where sat another serious individual. I went, inwardly quaking, for I feared that some objection was about to be made to my camera, a groundless fear, I believe, anywhere in Spain. However, still with an air of portentous solemnity, the gentleman at the desk informed me that my book was found, and that if I went to the *octroi* of San Martin it would be given back to me. I thanked them warmly, whereupon they both became quite genial, and then I trudged off after O'Shea.

When I reached the *octroi*, the officials belonging to it were all inside, sitting round a dish, the contents of which they simultaneously conveyed piece by piece to their mouths. They jumped up when they saw me, and one of them immediately handed me, with elaborate courtesy, my book. The others patted him approvingly on the shoulder and explained to me, with many graphic gestures, that he it was who had wrestled with the beggar, and had caused him to abandon his perfectly useless spoil. So I thanked the hero, and begged him to accept a small reward for his arduous services, but this he would not hear of. Then we became excellent friends, and the party invited me to share their meal. Now my manners in Spain were, as I have said before, taken straight from "Hints on Conduct" in Murray's guide, with a few suggestions thrown in from Hare, so I began by declining their hospitality. Thereupon they pressed me greatly, and I remembered with a sinking heart that, if greatly pressed, one must even over-eat oneself if

one desires to do in Spain as the Spaniard does. Gently insisting, at length they produced a two-pronged fork, and impaling on it a morsel from the dish, handed it to me. Further resistance was impossible. I swallowed what they gave me, and right doing was as usual rewarded, for it was extremely good. It was once more brought home to me how much more invitingly the food of the lower classes on the continent is prepared than is the case in England. Here was a simple dish of salt fish and vegetables in the form of *mayonnaise*, thoroughly well prepared and icy cold. The smell of bad oil often offends one's nostrils in Spanish streets, but I met with it only once in food, and then it was at a hotel kept by an Englishman. I lingered a little in the cool room chatting with my new friends, and then, after a hearty handshake all round, started homeward.

One day a boy who had walked with me a little way ushered me into a small, mean, tawdry church, which had I think the most magnificent wooden ceiling I ever saw. The pattern of such ceilings is usually in a series of eight-sided designs, each perhaps two to three feet across, and layer is heaped upon layer, till each design projects enormously from the surface, thus producing a very rich effect. This ceiling was almost black in colour and dome shaped. I could not afterwards identify this church, but it may have been Los Silos Sto. Domingo. There are innumerable churches in Tolédo, in addition to those I have mentioned, which are interesting either externally or by reason of their contents, and if time permits it is well to visit every one mentioned in the guide books, and perhaps some which are not. At San Tomas is Domenico il Greco's masterpiece, the Burial of the Count de Orgaz. The tower of San Roman's is very fine.

The Moors received kind treatment at Tolédo, and they therefore lived on and worked here till the Inquisition. Thus with the exception of the Cathedral, all the buildings of the

twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries are more or less Moorish in character. Moorish decorative work was usually in plaster, which was cut and carved as if it were stone, and seldom moulded or stamped.

The art of inlaying iron with gold and silver is still carried on with great skill both at Madrid, by Messrs. Zuluaga, and at Tolédo, by Messrs. Alvarez.

Riaño¹ says that "Painted glass windows have been made in Spain from a very early time, of which the most important specimens exist at Tolédo, León and other Spanish cathedrals. The industry was undoubtedly imported by foreign workmen from France and the north of Europe, and as was the case with other industries it took root in the country, and a large number of Spanish artists followed and took part in this industry." They worked from 1458 till 1682.

Travellers who propose spending a few days in this city are advised to obtain "Tolédo," by Hannah Lynch (Dent, 3s. 6d., 1899), which is full of interesting and detailed information.

MADRID.

I had one unpleasant experience in Spain, and if it is not too Irish a remark, I may say that I had it twice over. It was arriving at Madrid. It is always better if travelling alone in Spain to wire to the hotel, before reaching a place, asking that someone be sent to meet the train. The message, if to an important town, may be in English or French, and one should be sure on arriving to look out for one of two things when the person who declares he is from the hotel comes forward. Either the name of the hotel should be on his cap, or one's

¹ Riaño, p. 246.

telegram in his hand. It is true I had telegraphed beforehand, but the guide books said that hotels in Madrid did not send omnibuses to the station, so when I emerged, and my ejaculation of "Hotel Roma!" was replied to by "Violà, Madame, Hotel Roma!" I fell into the trap, and trustingly followed the man, who conducted me to a cab, put my bag into it, and was



CHANGING GUARD AT THE PALACE, MADRID.

about to proceed in search of my registered luggage when a magnificent person with "Roma" on his cap, my telegram in his hand, and my name on his lips, came upon the scene. I need not enter into details. I don't understand very strong language in Spanish, but the cab-driver and the tout did, and had nothing to reply when their prey was swept away. The next time I arrived in Madrid I chanced the omnibus being at the station and it was not. The touts and drivers made

an even bolder attempt to persuade me that each and all specially belonged to the Hotel Roma, and one youth excited my positive respect by the audacity with which he took off his gold-laced cap, whisked it in front of my face, imploring me to note that it had in truth Hotel Roma written on it, and then turned his back pretending to open a carriage door. However, by that time I knew better what to expect, so I told him to give me the cap to examine. His face fell, for "Hotel Roma" was just a braided pattern and nothing more. As I felt at home in the place and it was the middle of the day, I could afford to be amused by the clamour around me, which, however, was soon put an end to by a couple of policemen, who asked where I wished to go, called up a cab whose driver had taken no part in the raid, put me into it, and then gave a piece of their minds to the others. These are only trifles, but trifles do much to diminish or add to one's comfort, and trifles, if likely to happen to oneself, increase amazingly in importance. I do not therefore apologize for mentioning trifles, because this little book is especially intended for people who propose travelling through Spain unburdened by a courier, and I hope that by timely hints I may save them not a few annoyances and discomforts.

At Madrid one has to do one thing in particular, and that is to see pictures. Now, I know very little about painting and not much about architecture. I am aware that entire ignorance of a subject has seldom prevented people from holding and ventilating opinions on it, and strong ones too. Doubtless an *unbiased* opinion has its value, though I would not care to say what I think it is. Still, even if not a painter oneself, good pictures, seen often and thought about, and books pointing out where the chief beauties and peculiarities lie, insensibly educate one's taste.

It is especially Velasquez's paintings that one goes to see, for nowhere else can this versatile painter be studied. A German artist whom I met at Madrid objected to the word "versatile" being used about Velasquez. He said that the painter was a master of portraiture, but that whenever he took another line the result was deplorable. I hesitate to contradict this, but I would ask, may not the man who painted the great inspiration of the "Crucifixion," the grotesque series of "Court Dwarfs," "Handing over the keys of Breda," "The Drunkards," and the charming landscape studies of "The Gardens of Aranjuez," be justly described as versatile?

It is universally admitted that Velasquez is a greater master than Murillo, for I believe that the marvel of Velasquez is that he painted *alla prima*, i.e., he got his effect at the first effort, and had not to go over and over again, working up his picture. This is also, in the present day, the great charm of Sargent's work.

I spent the better part of six days in the picture gallery, and at the end certain pictures stood boldly out in my mind from the rest. Foremost among them was Titian's amazing portrait of Charles V. on horseback, a picture which alone seems to me to put that great artist above all his contemporaries. Then there is Velasquez's "Breda," which I recall with deep pleasure, so full of dignity are the faces, so finished is the whole composition. The guide book criticism on his "Prince Don Baltasar Carlos" is that "the child actually gallops out of the frame." I could not understand why this remark was to be taken as a compliment till I had seen the picture itself, when it was evident that the effect was solely due to the magnificent life and action of the *jaca* or pony, and not to those vulgar tricks of perspective which disfigure so many canvases in our modern exhibitions. Murillo's various renderings of the "Immaculate Conception,"

his lovely "Children with the Shell," his divine visions of saints in ecstasy, these seem as I write to glow in their own peculiar haze of warmest colour before one's very eyes. And who, having seen it but once, can forget Raphael's "Cardinal," surely the most haunting picture which was ever painted? It is a fascinating collection in this gallery at Madrid. Velasquez in all his moods. Murillo without a single example of his beggar boys. Titian with his grand portraits, his delicate flesh painting, his master hand in whatever he touches. Raphael, with his serene Madonnas and bright-eyed bambinos. Fra Angelico with his great altar-piece of the "Annunciation." Ribera, hard, dark, vigorous, often unpleasing, always melancholy. Tintoretto, with several fine examples of his genius. Rubens's too blooming figures, his gorgeous colouring and his splendid grouping. Vandyck, Reni, Veronese, Claude de Lorraine, and I don't know how many besides, jostling each other in nearly a score of rooms. The selection in the guide books from the catalogue of the pictures is of necessity much condensed. The best plan is to buy a copy of the guide in Spanish, sold in the building, and then steadily work one's way through the gallery room by room. One comes upon pictures in unexpected places; for, as far as I could make out, the principle kept in mind when hanging the masterpieces has been to put them in the best possible light; and a very good plan it seems, though it leads to some well-known pictures finding themselves in queer company.

But in one's enthusiasm for the collection of paintings at the Museum, one must not overlook the Académiá de Bellas Artes, Calle Alcala 11, opposite to the offices of the Sleeping Car Company. There will be found Murillo's "Tiñoso," or St. Elizabeth of Hungary tending the sick poor, and two semicircular pictures also by Murillo, both exquisitely soft and harmonious, that of the sleepers being especially lovely.

One cannot, however, look at pictures all day, so one can fill up the rest of the time at the National Museum and in the charming park where the fashionable world of Madrid rides and drives late in the afternoon. One can also go and see a match at pelota (see p. 40), and the Armoury at the Palace should certainly be visited. It is said to be the finest and most interest-



IN THE ARMOURY AT THE PALACE, MADRID.

ing collection of armour in the world, and I should think that it is true. Photography is freely permitted in the Armoury, but the photographer will be wise to ask permission of the attendants with a few civil words, and to give a small tip on leaving, a tip well earned by the willingness with which windows will be closed and obstructing visitors kept out of the way while the photographer is at work. The hotel porter will get a pass, but the visitor can easily obtain one himself by following the

directions in the guide book. If, however, he arrives rather late he will be told that it is impossible to get one. He should then say inquiringly, "Peseta?" and I am quite sure that he will immediately receive the order.

The figure of Charles V. in armour is particularly interesting, as it is arranged after the picture by Titian in the Museum, and



THE EUSKAL-JAI (PELOTA COURT), MADRID.

the armour is that actually painted from. The statue in the Plaza del Oriente is similar to the canvas, and is remarkable on account of the rearing attitude of the horse, the position being, I believe, maintained by the weighting of the hind quarters. After visiting the Armoury one may as well stroll on over the viaduct, from which on a fine day there is a charming view of the distant snow-capped mountains, to the modern church of

San Francisco. It will give a notion of Spanish art of to-day, though I hope the cardboard figures against the wall, high up in the dome, are not a type of what the sculptor's art in Spain is coming to. On the whole, however, St. Francisco's might be in worse taste, and one can honestly admire the doors and choir stalls.

There is a splendid sepulchre of General Prim in the church of the Atocha, made entirely of *damasquiné* ironwork. This church is now being rebuilt and the tomb cannot at present be seen. The rebuilding in Lombardesque style with cloisters seems to be in good taste.

Juan Prim, Conde de Reus, was born in 1811. He was brought up to the law, but in 1833 he took up arms against the Carlists. He was known as the "Cid of Catalonia." He joined the party of "Progresistas" and was repeatedly charged with plotting against the Government. He administered Porto Rico in 1848 with success. In 1853 he fought for Turkey, and in 1860 he fought against Morocco. In 1867 he commanded the Spanish troops against Mexico. He was shot by an assassin on December 30th, 1870.

I have spoken above of the Carlists. Perhaps some to whom their name is familiar enough may not clearly understand what their origin was.

On the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833 without male issue, the throne passed, by a decree promulgated in Madrid on March 30th, 1830, abrogating the Salic law of 1713, to his eldest daughter by his fourth wife, Donna Christina of Naples.

According to the Salic law, till then in force, King Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos, should have succeeded. King Ferdinand on September 17th, 1832, signed a decree restoring the law of 1713, being dangerously ill at the time. Though he recovered from that attack he was never the same man again. On October 6th

of the same year he again changed his mind, and appointed Queen Christina regent, and on December 31st the succession was once more settled on the Infanta Isabella, Don Carlos and his family being exiled a few days later. Such briefly is the origin of the disputed succession in Spain.¹

The Museum of Antiquities is well worth a visit. The cross of San Fernando is one of the best examples of Spanish ivory carving of the eleventh century. The caskets, of which this museum contains several, have inscriptions in Cufic, *i.e.*, old Arabic characters. There is a fine Hispano-Moresque vase, similar to that in the Alhambra. Riaño² says that the oldest piece of Spanish Arab textile fabric which he knows of is here. It is a woollen fragment of very fine quality embroidered in colours, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards long by 18 inches wide. In medallions embroidered in silks are what appear to be figures of persons and animals, and there are Cufic inscriptions on the borders. No. 449 is a splendid piece of embroidery in gold coloured silk.

In Room I. there is a curious mould for bronze utensils. Room III. contains ancient statues, but nothing so good as the bust found at Elche in 1897 (see p. 59).

The visitor should not fail, however, to notice the celebrated sculptures of the Cerro de los Santos allied in style with the Lady of Elche. These were dug up by peasants in the province of Albacete, who for years believed that they represented saints and accordingly they worshipped them.

In Room IV. is a mosaic portrait of a girl, over life size, with fine gradation of colouring and much life in the easy flow of the hair and drapery.

¹ "The Carlist Cause," by the Marquis de Ruvigny. "Fortnightly Review," December, 1897.

² Riaño, p. 253.

There are scores of tiny "toros" in terra-cotta (see p. 150), probably votive offerings.

In the same building, but entered from the other side, is the gallery of modern paintings. This should certainly be visited. It was closed when I was last in Madrid, but the late Don Pedro de Madrazo, on whom I called, kindly gave me a permit to visit it. Señor Madrazo took the keenest interest in this gallery, in fact I fancy it owes its existence almost entirely to his efforts. He made a point of getting together a really first-class collection of paintings by modern Spanish artists. The pictures are chiefly historical and in many cases represent tragical incidents. But to the traveller they are particularly interesting as they will help to recall forgotten events of Spanish history.

There are one or two sculptures by Canova and by Thorwaldsen.

I found the museum and modern picture gallery so excellent that I remained at Madrid a day longer than I had intended in order to pay another visit to these collections.

The oldest house in Madrid is said to be the Hospital of La Latina; it is certainly the most picturesque. The date over the entrance is 1507. This building was originally a convent and had a chapel with a fine *coro*. Here, after the siege of Granada, Isabella the Catholic ordered a well-known and skilful Moorish architect to design the present entrance and staircase. The latter is easily found. The visitor should pass through the haberdasher's shop which occupies the ground floor. Quitting it by the door to the left, opening to the yard, another door immediately to the left brings one to the staircase. This is a beautiful piece of work, the outer border of the rails being very delicately carved and finely designed.

The author of "A Note-Book in Northern Spain" mentions a pretty custom which has arisen of late years in Madrid. On

Arbor Day (March 30th) hundreds, nay, thousands of boys march out of the city to the bare plain which was once clothed with health-giving forests. Here each little fellow plants a tree, a symbol of his life, "and with the action is chanted a song which is almost a hymn in the solemn simplicity of its wording, its mingled sadness and hope; the hope that though the hand



PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.

which planted it may be taken away, yet one good deed done may be left to thrive upon earth for others."

It is worth while if at Madrid on Sunday morning attending Mass at the Chapel Royal. If the court is at Madrid the young king and his mother, the able and deeply respected Queen Regent, are almost sure to be there. The chapel is upstairs, and a staircase leads to it from the corner of the innermost

court. The public are admitted freely. The Queen with the young King sits under a canopy apart from the court, and a passage up the church is kept for the Royal party and their suite. Her Majesty passed out within a yard of where I was standing. I could see on her pleasant, intelligent face the signs of what must be a most anxious and responsible position. One can but heartily wish for her that her efforts may be appreciated at their just value by the people for whose good she toils.

The climate of Madrid on the four occasions when I was there was pleasant, sunny and fresh. I thought it not unlike that of Rome, though the contrast between the sun and the shade was less marked. The streets are wide and handsome and the town bright and cheerful.

The familiar practice of pretending to pick up valuable rings in the street and offering them then and there for sale obtains greatly at Madrid. A friend had three pressed on his notice during half an hour's stroll in the Puerta del Sol one evening.

SEGOVIA.

From Madrid I set off early one morning with some friends for Segovia. Several days should, if possible, be spent at this interesting old place. We had rather a bad experience of Hotel Burgalese. We had intended leaving our things at the station and then exploring the town on foot, but some English acquaintances whom we met urged us to drive up in the hotel omnibus as the distance was considerable, while as the station-master was not forthcoming, we took our hand-luggage with us for greater safety. The drive certainly is a long one, and it was some time before we were deposited at the door of the hotel.

Here we asked the people to take care of our traps for us, saying that we would return later for coffee. One of us went upstairs—the hotel began on the third floor—and was shown into a room, but said that none was required. However, the landlord replied that the bags might as well remain there as anywhere else, so nothing further was said. Before going on to describe



SEGOVIA.

the town, I will finish the account of the first and last piece of sharp practice I met with in Spain. We came back at the appointed hour, were served with absolutely undrinkable coffee and uneatable bread, and were charged twelve pesetas for food and the room for our traps, and no abatement would be made. We had to catch the next train, so could not wait to interview the police on the subject, and when we got to the station the

'bus driver tried to charge us double fares, but failed as the right amount was clearly written up inside the vehicle. We showed our bill to a couple of Spanish commercial travellers who pronounced it to be disgraceful.

Segovia has, however, another hotel, and a good one, the Comercio, and nice rooms are to be had at the railway station, where the buffet is one of the best in Spain.

As an example of Roman architecture, the aqueduct at Segovia is magnificent, but it is exceptionally striking owing to its position. It stretches in two huge tiers of arches from hill to hill, with its great feet set amongst the most thickly peopled of the streets, continuing its majestic strides over the very roofs of the houses, which it dwarfs till they look like playthings, and the crowd round its feet like pigmies. Such things, however, strike people differently. Henry James observes about the Pont du Gard, and Roman buildings in general, that there is "a certain stupidity, a vague brutality. . . . The means are always exaggerated; the end is so much more than attained. The Roman rigidity was apt to overshoot the mark, and I suppose a race which could do nothing small, is as defective as a race that can do nothing great."

Owing to its situation the aqueduct of Segovia stands clearly out in my mind from all other such structures. Its imposing proportions are but feebly indicated in the accompanying photograph, though an idea of its colossal size can be gathered by noticing the relative height of the people at its base.

Segovia straggles up a hill, and is crowned by a yellow Cathedral. Very grand is the interior, very solemn and impressive in spite of its disfiguring *coro* and tawdry adornments. It contains some fine works of art too, notably the bronze gates to the chapels, and the magnificent *retablo* in the Chapel of the Piedad.

External cloisters are a feature of several of the churches of Segovia. The most charming are those of San Esteban. They have round arches, effectively placed on a raised position above



ROMAN AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA.

the side street, very highly decorated, and altogether most pictorial. Street suggests that external cloisters look like an arrangement for keeping the building cool. If that is so, why

are they found in the North of Spain and not in the South? The same author has much to say that is interesting about Segovia. Of the tower of San Esteban's he writes, "I have seldom seen a better work than this. It is evidently one of a large class, most of the other steeples here reproducing the unusual arrangement of the angles. They are boldly splayed off, and in the middle of the splay is set a shaft which finishes with a sculptured capital. The effect of this design is to give great softness of contour to the whole steeple, and yet to mark broadly and boldly the importance of the angles."

Of San Millan's he says that the north and south doors are fine, with a local peculiarity. "Their jambs consist of shafts set within very bold square recesses, and the number of orders in the arch is double that of those in the jamb, they being alternately carried on the capitals of the shafts, and upon the square order of the jambs. The effect is good . . . tending to give that effect of solidity which these early Spanish architects never tired in their attempts to attain."

Inside the church, the curious large capitals, especially one of the Magi, who are on horseback, are well worth notice.

Murray gives an excellent itinerary for a walk round Segovia, seeing all the most interesting churches and the best views. One cannot do better than follow it. Neither O'Shea's nor Murray's handbooks contain a plan of the town, but there is one in Baedeker.

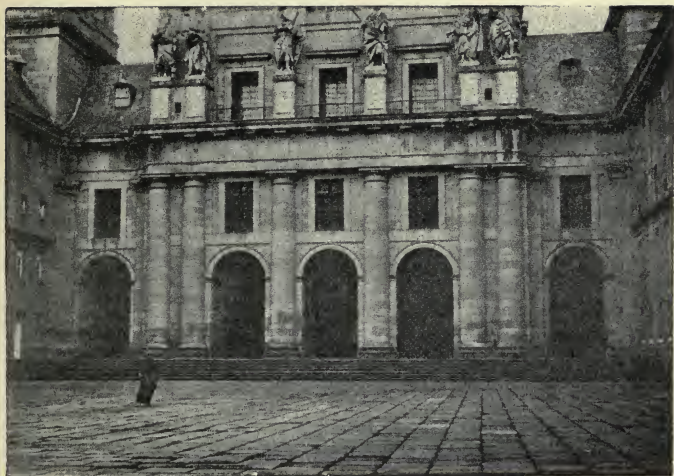
Most of the churches are kept locked, and one has continually to send a boy to fetch the sacristan.

There are very many interesting quaint old Romanesque churches at Segovia, and there is a beautiful walk round part of the town which no one must fail to take. It winds along the further side of the river till it reaches the little chapel below the cliff called La Pena Grajera, then crosses over and runs parallel

to the cliff crowned by the Alcazar, and continues, here only a footpath, over grassy slopes, giving later on a fine view of the Cathedral. After some time the aqueduct becomes visible, and then, glancing to the right, one notices a series of crosses leading to a Calvary on a hill well worth ascending for the view.

I feel pretty confident that Segovia is a town where a guide would save a great deal of time. The churches are very hard to find, and it is almost impossible to obtain clear directions as to where they are. We left Segovia about 6 p.m. and trained back along the Madrid line as far as the junction station of Villalba. The heavier luggage was registered to that point from Madrid, and there was an hour and a half's wait in which to claim it. Really it did not allow too much time. Everyone was overpoweringly civil and quite aware that registered luggage had arrived, for this was evidently uncommon. So first of all a smiling official with a very red camellia loiling out of his button-hole, conducted us, with much jangling of keys, to a large empty room, in the middle of which were our things. He then carefully locked up the place again, and conducted us back to a seat on the platform. Here a porter, of effusive manner, was told off to attend to us, which he did by frequently visiting the luggage and returning to report that it was doing well. At last he was induced to obtain labels for Escorial, and paste them on just as the train steamed into the station.

We reached Escorial late at night, and were pleasantly surprised by the comfort of the Hotel Miranda, and still more so when we paid the bill, which was in striking contrast to that of Segovia.



ENTRANCE COURT OF THE ESCORIAL.

ESCORIAL.

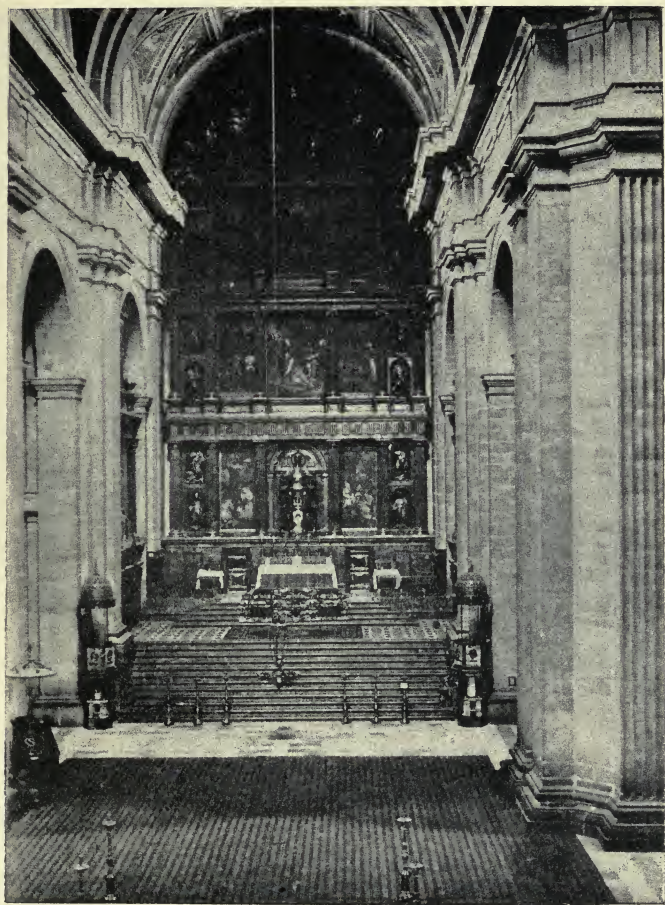
It is a shocking confession to make, but more than once we had unblushingly mooted the idea of omitting Escorial altogether from our programme. This, however, we finally decided we really could not do, but we resolved to at any rate give it as short a time as possible, and as a matter of fact my friends, if they would see Avila, had extremely little time to spare. The Escorial opened at 10 a.m., the train was timed to leave at 10.45. The distance to the station was appreciable.

Our visit to the Escorial thus needed management, and as a

preliminary step we interviewed the hotel guide. He said he thought we could do it, and to our amazement he contrived next morning to get us admitted at 9 o'clock, for an extremely moderate tip to the official, and five pesetas for himself when he eventually saw us off at the station.

The Escorial was much better than we expected. The palace was certainly rather uninteresting till we came to the little room where Philip II. died. Notice, however, the rooms called "Piezas de maderas finas" with their inlaid wood and metal work, and the fine locks to the doors. These four small rooms were decorated at a cost of £280,000. The attendant noiselessly slid back the panel in the door of the room where the King died, which opens into the church, and signed to us to approach. Mass was proceeding and the sudden and unexpected glimpse into the magnificent church was very striking and impressive. We then went round into the building, and were astonished at its vast proportions, so unlooked for in the chapel of a palace or of a monastery. If not pressed for time, a guide is quite unnecessary for the Escorial, the entrance to which is immediately opposite the hotel, but in this case visitors should not forget to visit the Sacristia, a large room entered close to the door leading to the Pantheon. It contains several important paintings. The priests and monks are very courteous and will probably let people in whenever it is unlocked, though it may not be the hour at which it is shown to the public.

The vaults of the Pantheon open at 10 a.m., and the first thing which struck me was that they are not vaults at all, according to one's idea of what a vault is usually like. The octagonal chamber reserved for sovereigns and the mothers of sovereigns is well lit by windows, and decorated with dark coloured marbles. It is immediately under the high altar of



CHAPEL OF THE ESCORIAL FROM THE CORO.

the church. Owing to its entire freedom from all tawdry ornament it is handsome and impressive. The sarcophagi intended for the present King and Queen-Regent of Spain stand in their places, with the name and date of birth already inscribed. The chiselled and openworked bronze altar frontal, though showing signs of the decline of art in the seventeenth century,



THE ESCORIAL.

is a very fine work of its kind. After remounting the steps we descended to a long, light corridor, the burial place of the rest of the Royal family. Here everything is white. The floor, walls, ceilings, altars, and monuments are of marble, white as snow. One or two of the statues are really beautiful and touching. The simplicity of the place and the exquisite cleanliness and coolness of its shining surface excited our

genuine admiration. We had not expected such taste, and I know of no place of the sort which I like so much. Before we had lingered here as long as we wished, our guide hurried us off to the omnibus which, with our luggage on it, had been brought round to the door of the palace, and at 10.45 we set off by train for Avila.



THE ESCORIAL.

But my conscience told me that the writer of a book should know more of Escorial than this flying visit had shown me; so in the autumn of 1898 I returned there and saw the place at my leisure. I longed to photograph, but was forbidden at nearly every point. It is well to apply for permission, a day in advance, to the head of the monastery. I took a few views however by stealth, no easy matter with my rather conspicuous camera.

There is the best whispering gallery I have ever met with in the Escorial. It is in one of the many vestibules of the monastery, but all are so alike that I am utterly unable to say which it is. The sound is carried from one corner to another by means of the domed ceiling.

Above the chief entrance to the church is a shuttered window.¹ On great festivals this window is opened, and then is disclosed to the crowd in the courtyard below the celebrated white marble crucifix of Benvenuto Cellini. Visitors can approach this from the *coro*. When looking from the *coro* towards the high altar the effect of light over the altar is very curious, and is due to a thin coloured curtain covering a window. This curtain is changed to correspond with the hanging appropriate to the various church seasons.

On no account must the traveller omit to visit the little villa in the Escorial grounds near the station. Report says that on this spot Prince Charles wished to build a bull ring, but his father strongly disapproved, and in order to induce the prince to abandon his project, he promised to give him a house which should be the most beautiful thing of the sort existing. Accordingly the "casetta" was built and fitted up with the most exquisite embroidery, the rarest curios, the most beautiful inlaid wood, and in fact with everything that money and art could furnish. Externally, the house is of the most ordinary appearance and gives no promise of the wealth of decoration and fittings within. One room alone, which contains ornaments of rare porcelain, is said to have been valued at 10,000,000 pesetas!

¹ It is the central window of the upper storey, shown in the illustration of the entrance.



WALLS OF AVILA.

AVILA.

The first time I visited Avila we lunched at the excellent restaurant at the station of Avila, left our bags there, and then set out to explore. Our train did not leave till late that night, so we had the whole afternoon before us.

Street considers the walls of this city to be the most perfect and complete of any in Spain. "There are in all no less than eighty-six towers in the circuit of the walls and ten gateways; and so great is their height, that nothing whatever is seen of the town behind them."¹

¹ Street, p. 162.

Nearly all the churches are outside the walls. Probably at the time of their foundation the space within was already so confined, that it was impossible to establish new churches there.

The apse of the Cathedral actually forms part of the wall, and the apsidal semicircular chapels are in its thickness. The stone roofing over the *sacristia* is probably unique of its kind.

Avila is certainly a place at which to spend a night or two, and on a subsequent occasion I slept there, at Hotel Ingles, and found it perfectly comfortable.

A pleasant-faced little boy continually entreating us to let him guide our party, we took him, knowing that he would be useful as a seeker-out of sacristans, and we started on our way round the town by the road outside the walls.

Of course *the* church of Avila is San Tomas, which contains the wonderfully beautiful tombs of young Prince Juan and his wife, and of their attendants. These glorious monuments are still quite unprotected from damaging hands, and a troop of children followed us into the church and stood pawing and fiddling with the delicate work, till I felt savage with the authorities for allowing such a thing to be possible. Outside, on a modern brick wall, was a notice to the effect that it was forbidden to play pelota there. Thus do "the powers that be" in Avila distinguish between the relative value of works of art or works of mere utility. The choir stalls in this church are beautiful.

San Segundo contains a very sympathetic and dignified, yet withal simple effigy of a bishop. The tomb is one which stamps itself on one's memory.

San Vicente is now being restored and it is difficult to get near its very highly decorated west doorway. The sacristan will, however, if pressed, open it from the inside.

The Cathedral is pleasant and restful, for it is possible to

wander in it and in the cloisters without being worried by any officious guides or sacristans. There is something very attractive about the interior, as there is in the interiors of all large Spanish churches, which often have at least two features of special excellence—their carved choir stalls and their stained glass windows. Avila Cathedral has both, and the bronze *rejas* round the Capilla Mayor and across the *coro* are the most magnificent of their kind I have ever seen. Their massiveness and simplicity, and the glint of their gold-like surface, are very striking against the dark-coloured walls of this glorious old Cathedral. There are several good monuments and tombs.

The two pulpits of gilt ironwork which still remain in the Cathedral are worthy of close attention; they are of the end of the fifteenth century, and one of them is a recognized masterpiece of the plateresque style.¹ There is a portion of a magnificent *reja* in the South Kensington Museum which was brought from Avila Cathedral. J. Starkie Gardner, in his "Ironwork," writes: "In contemplating the colossal *rejas*, or screens, in the great Spanish cathedrals, it is hard to realize that effects in iron must be got swiftly with the hammer and punch while the iron is hot, or tediously by the file, chisel and drill while it is cold."

The guide books speak of a double triforium in Avila Cathedral. There is, however, no triforium whatever. The lower part of the clerestory windows are bricked up, but the effect in no way resembles a triforium. The openings in the transepts are rather curious, consisting of semicircular windows with tracery, and two upright oblong lights below, which project beyond its side termination.

I noticed in our English model of a Spanish Cathedral—Westminster Abbey—a couple of wild men at the foot of the

¹ *Plateresque*. So called because in the fineness of its detail it resembled the work of the silversmith (*platero*).

tomb of the Lennox family very like those on each side of the exterior of the west door of Avila Cathedral. It will be noticed from the Square in front of the Cathedral how curiously the bells are hung. These when at rest are upside down, a huge wooden counterpoise being below.

Most strange are the *toros*, or *feroces*, as our boy called them, scattered about in various parts of the town. They are prehis-



TOROS, AVILA.

toric, and of stone, representing animals not unlike huge pigs. They occasionally served as tablets for Roman inscriptions. As they are left about anywhere in yards and streets they are gradually being broken up, and it is a great pity that some of the best specimens are not secured for museums before they disappear. I saw a small *feroce* afterwards on a highly decorated tomb, I think it was at Burgos, and there were troops of tiny terra-cotta *toros* in the museum at Madrid, besides some large and almost shapeless ones.

SALAMANCA.

I had a couple of hours to stroll about Medina del Campo while waiting for the Sud-Express. The inns looked uninviting. There is an imposing brick gate, just within which was a house with the inscription, "Asile para los Pobres por la noche." Within, the room was bare, but the idea struck me as rather a kindly one. The town is uninteresting, but the castle is imposing. I did not try to enter it, but returned soon to the station, driven in by the bitterly cold wind. Snow lay in heaps by the road-side and I was glad of the warmest clothing I possessed. A good fire was kept up in the buffet, where I adjourned for coffee, and at various other stations I was pleasantly surprised by the excellent fires in the waiting-rooms. The traffic which passed through the station amused me. There was a luggage train of 59 vans and trucks which sauntered past at a sedate pace. The three-storied vans for the conveyance of poultry, etc., are very practical, as the cages are deposited on the shelves and thus cannot be crushed. There is open wire-work all round.

The best dinner was served on board the Sud-Express that I ever had on a train, and by nine o'clock I arrived at Hotel Comercio, Salamanca, a comfortable house with beautiful rooms, all of which are excellently fitted with electric light.

Next morning I directed my steps first to the old Cathedral. Thanks to the new Cathedral, the *coro* has been moved out of the old building, so one enjoys the rare treat of an unbroken vista up the nave.

There is a stone fixed by a band of iron to a column in the nave. Just above it is a hole in the vaulting. From this hole—at least so the story goes—the stone fell. The Cathedral

was crowded at the time, but no one was hurt. The series of pictures on the opposite wall commemorate this miraculous event. Just behind the stone, on the wall of the aisle, a very thick candle is fastened. Tradition says that on one occasion this was filled with dynamite (?) by someone who bore a grudge against the priest. The good father, however, refrained from lighting the candle, and his escape was looked on as a miracle.

The cloisters must be visited for the sake of the chapels opening off them. That of Talavera, better known as the Mozarabic Chapel, contains the tomb of the founder, which is always kept covered by a black pall. On it hangs his coat-of-arms, embroidered in silk. A similar one is in the centre of the dome.

Sta. Barbara's chapel has a tiled altar which is well worth notice.

The Chapel del Canto is used as a workshop. Here I saw most beautiful and carefully made models in clay of the decoration of the West front of the new Cathedral. They showed an unexpected amount of individuality and imagination.

The Chapel of St. Bartolome is the most interesting of all. It contains the tomb of Diego de Anaya, Archbishop of Seville. The date is 1437. This tomb has a magnificent wrought-iron grille round it. I vainly looked for a possible place from which to photograph it, but the background seemed everywhere hopeless. There is another fine tomb with beautiful carving in this chapel. The wood mosaic under the organ merits notice, for one can seldom examine so closely a piece of Moorish work of this kind.

No one should fail to mount on to the roof in order to see properly the glorious lantern of the old Cathedral. Street has a beautiful drawing of it in his work, page 82. The modern church of San Juan has a spire copied from this lantern.

"The best view, on the whole, is that from the south-east, where it groups with the fine exterior of the eastern apses . . . and with a turret to the east of the transept."¹

Referring to the interior of the lantern, Street says: "We have here a rare feature treated with rare success, and, so far as I know, with complete originality . . . the architect of Salamanca Cathedral showed his extreme skill, for, instead of the common low form of dome, he raised his upon a stage arcaded all round inside and out, pierced it with windows, and then, to resist the pressure of his vault, built against the external angles four great circular pinnacles. . . . The value of contrast—a treasure in the hands of the real artist—is here consciously and most artistically exhibited; and it was no mean artist who could venture to make so unsparing a use of architectural ornamentation without producing any surfeit on those who look at his work even with the most critical eyes."

The new Cathedral seems very light and gaudy after the old building. But it has fine features. The springing of the vaulting, seen from the triforium, is pictorial, and the whole proportions are noble.

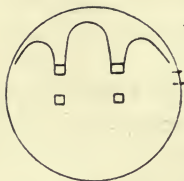
The high altar has a good painting on leather.

The new sacristy, which is about forty-five feet wide, is spanned by a remarkably flat piece of vaulting.² Beyond it is the tiny chapel of the relics, not always shown. It must be visited, however, for here is the Cid's crucifix, and many other curious relics.

The Church of San Marco is extremely curious, for the three apses, like the chapels round the east end of Avila Cathedral, are in the thickness of the wall, and the external plan is circular. Two of the four windows are rather uncommon. The wall is

¹ Street, p. 82.

² Or, as Moore calls such arches, a "curve of low sweep."



splayed out at the top, and here the windows, which thus resemble skylights, are inserted.

The four columns are not placed at equal distances from the centre of the building.

San Martin's must be visited for the sake of its tombs, and its fine south Romanesque doorway. Street says that it has "A very peculiar order of decoration, which I saw again at Zamora . . . one member of the archivolt . . . is like a succession of curled pieces of wood put side by side and perfectly square in section. The effect of light and shade in such work is rather good, but it is nevertheless rather too bizarre to be quite pleasing."¹

The exterior of the University Library and the square behind it are most striking. One does not come on them at first. The balustrade round the top of the building gives an extremely rich finish, and is not unlike that on the old Cathedral.

Everyone visits the Casa de las Conchas, but not all see the fine courtyard of the Casa de la Salina. The entrance, with its good iron *reja*, is effective, as are the enormous sculptured corbels supporting the galleries.

Had time permitted, I should have gone for a few hours to Alba (15½ miles by rail, on the line to Plasencia). Here is an interesting church of the Carmelitas Mescalzas containing fine tombs, and various relics of Sta. Teresa.

The Geronimite convent there contains the tomb of Archbishop Alvarez of Toledo.

I paid a visit to the quarters of the Hermanitas de los Pobres, *i.e.*, the Little Sisters of the Poor, and was shown over them by a sister who, like two or three others to whom I spoke, was a Frenchwoman. I need not say how nicely managed all was,

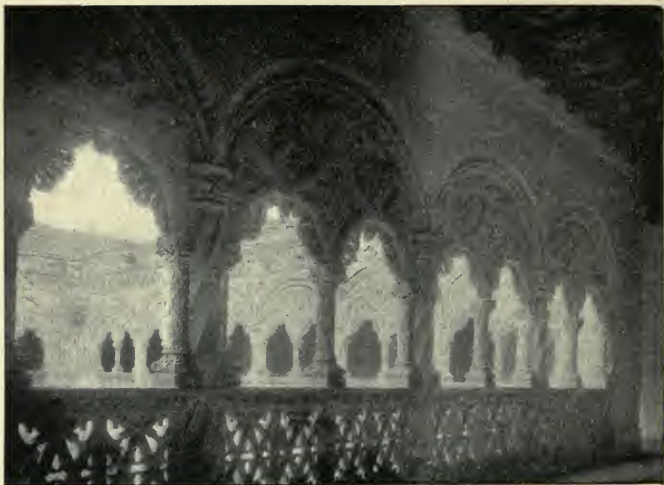
¹ Street, p. 91.

for I think that everyone has the kindest feeling towards, and the utmost confidence in, the admirable Little Sisters, two of



CASA DE LA SALINA, SALAMANCA.

whom I met during an exploration of the town, when, after a chat about the sights, they invited me to call on them.



CLOISTER OF SAN GREGORIO, VALLADOLID.

VALLADOLID.

Leaving Salamanca by the return Sud-Express at 9 a.m., I breakfasted on board, picked up some luggage left at the buffet at Medina, and went on to Valladolid. This town was of little interest. The streets were not picturesque, and the inhabitants, in my opinion, shared with those of Sevilla the character of being the least pleasant of any I met with. The children here, at Lérida and at Ronda, were the greatest nuisance, following in troops and being difficult to move out of the way when I wished to photograph.

There are some amazingly ornate façades worthy of the

photographer's attention. The north entrance of San Gregorio is a most elaborate piece of work. Visitors should not fail to walk into the courtyard and up the stairs; the ceiling of the latter is magnificent. The photographer can easily take this ceiling by laying his machine on its back on the turn of the banisters, propping it with his handkerchief till it is level. I found an exposure of five minutes with F 11 and a Lumière rapid plate correct.

Close to San Gregorio is San Pablo, with another, and a much finer, lace-like façade.

In front of San Pablo is a row of stumpy columns, on each of which sits a lion hugging a coat-of-arms. These seem to be a feature of Valladolid, for there is a similar row of eighteen in front of the University. León Cathedral is similarly protected.

The Cathedral, a repellent building both inside and out, has a gigantic *reja*.

There is a fine pelota court, or *fronton*, in this town.

I spent a long time trying to get into the museum, the guardian being difficult to find. I hoped to see some wooden statuary as interesting as the figures at Murcia, but thought most of it here utterly worthless. Street writes of these figures, which formerly formed part of retablos, and of the choir stalls from San Benito: "I never saw such contemptible work. . . . The architecture is bad, the sculpture is bad, and the detail is bad . . . all three are bad of their kind, and their kind is the worst possible."¹

There is, however, a grand wooden ceiling to one of the rooms, which in itself repays a visit to the museum. The whole building is very dusty and untidy.

I visited San Benito and did not find it of much interest.

¹ Street, p. 74.

Both Santa Maria la Antigua and the Cathedral have iron pulpits. The former had at one time a charming lean-to cloister, but the openings of this have now been filled in, and unless on the look-out one would hardly notice it.

I was comfortable at Hotel Francia, but they entirely forgot to call me at "las cinco y media," though half-past five is no uncommon time for getting up in Spain. However, luckily I awoke in time, and hunting up a waiter, who was slumbering in the dining-room, had a good breakfast before starting. It was bitterly cold in the train on this 13th of April, and even with a fur-lined coat I was hardly warm enough. At Venta de Baños, I ran across to Hotel Barbotan, opposite the station, with the luggage I did not need. I fully expected something very primitive here, but was pleasantly disappointed. The little hotel was a model of its kind, the rooms well furnished and spotlessly clean, the landlady charming, and the garden pleasant and shady. Resuming the journey once more in Arctic cold, mitigated by very hot foot-warmers, I reached Léon about 11 a.m.

LÉON.

The guide books, of which I carried three, all recommended Hotel Iberia, so I went there. Both externally and internally it looked unpromising, but luckily there were no rooms. So I then tried Hotel Paris, the next on the lists, and found it comfortable and altogether a much better class of hotel than the other. It was obviously the best at Léon.

Of course I went first to the Cathedral.¹ On the whole, it is unlike any other in Spain, though at the first glance it somewhat

¹ See frontispiece.

resembles that of Burgos. I was inclined, when I caught sight of it, and even when I went first inside, to wonder whether I greatly liked it or not. It seemed almost too delicate and aerial a building to stand the wear and tear of years, and appeared to be rather a fairy structure than a solemn Gothic church. But before I left it, I think I appreciated it fully. When the glorious stained glass, now removed during the restoration, is placed within the archivolt—which here, is one with the longitudinal rib¹ of the vault, I can hardly say in the windows, for a window presupposes walls, and there are no walls in the clerestory of Léon—the effect will be marvellous. The Sainte Chapelle in Paris, or the Cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais are the only churches I can compare with it. The slender columns, the exquisite spring of the groining ribs, the delicate mouldings, the skeleton-like frame of the whole building, form a combination which, when the restoration is finished, should make the building worth the whole journey from England, to anyone appreciative of architectural beauty.

I was informed that the restoration would be complete in 1903.

The *coro* enclosure still blocks up the nave, and the sacristan told me that it was hoped eventually to move it away. If this were done, one might look forward to the example of Léon being followed elsewhere, and the most unsightly blemish in Spanish Cathedrals for ever removed from them.

The weak point of the exterior is, to my mind, the west front. The west end of the nave is quite overpowered by the spires on either side, and the height of its false gable makes it look narrower than it is. This gable is a disfigurement, as there is

¹ “The three ribs, . . .—transverse, diagonal and longitudinal—are the only *constructive* ribs of any vault. . . . The additional ribs . . . are mere surface ribs having no real function” (Moore, p. 18.)

no high-pitched roof behind. Were it removed and a couple of arcades run across between the spires, so as to give an effect of greater breadth, I feel sure the façade would be much improved. The doorways are very noble, and are not unlike the portals of Chartres, but they can only be appreciated when approached closely and are hardly noticeable in the general view. It is a great pity that a glass case still incloses the figure on the central shaft. The south side, which also finishes in a gable, will be very ornate, but the whole exterior will of course look its best when the new stone has lost its whiteness and blends harmoniously in colour with the older work.

Mutilated as are the cloisters, they still have features of value. They are entered by a doorway in front of the north transept, near which is a tomb under an arch in the wall. Other monuments are supported on corbels. An obliquely planned doorway is referred to by Street as "one of those foolish Spanish conceits."¹ He goes on to say, in a footnote on the same page: "This conceit is illustrated more elaborately than I have elsewhere seen it in a palace near San Isidoro, where the angle windows are designed and executed in a sort of perspective, which is inexpressibly bad in effect."

The frescoes on the walls of the cloisters, so much admired by Street, are now almost obliterated.

The Church of San Isidoro is most interesting. The story of its foundation is as follows:

Ferdinand, King of León and Castille, rebuilt the Church of St. John the Baptist at León, which, after its destruction by Al-mansur, had been temporarily restored by Alfonso V. In this he was probably influenced by his wife, who regarded with affection the burial-place of her father and brother. Fernando had intended to be buried at Ona, or at San Pedro de Arlanza,

¹ Street, p. 119.

but as the new church grew up, he changed his mind. "He saw," says the chronicler, "that the city [of Léon] lies in the best part of the kingdom ; and is a right good and healthy land of salutary breezes, and rich in all things needful and pleasant ; and beyond all this abounding in many and good Saints who suffered martyrdom for the love of Jesus Christ." Influenced by these considerations, he chose it as his sepulchre, and strove to enrich it with further relics. This pious purpose was combined with further conquest. In 1063 Fernando led his armies against Al-mutadhed, King of Seville (called by the chroniclers Abenhabet). By ravaging the Algarve he obliged the Saracens to sue for peace. In addition to an annual tribute, he demanded the bodies of the virgin saints Justa and Rufina, who had lain buried at Seville ever since they suffered martyrdom during the persecution of Diocletian. The Bishops of Astorga and Léon were sent with a small force, under Count Munio, or Nuño, to fetch the relics, but without exact instructions as to the place in which they might be found. At Seville they were honourably received by King Al-mutadhed, who professed his willingness to help them in their search ; but neither he nor any other was able to point out the place where the bodies lay.

Face to face with this difficulty, the good bishops fasted for three days, praying for a miracle which should enable them to fulfil their commission. At last, as Alvitus of Léon, worn out with his long fast, reposed in his chair murmuring a passage of the Psalms, he fell asleep. There appeared to him a figure dressed in bishop's robes, which comforted him, saying: "Servant of God, it is not His Will that you should carry hence the holy bodies of the virgins. For this city shall be conquered by the Christians, and for their consolation He wills that they remain here. But for the sake of your holy life, and for the honour of King Don Fernando, from whom he received much service, God

permits you to bear away my body to Léon." Alvitus remained for a time entranced and struck dumb by the wondrous vision and the fragrance that accompanied it. He then made bold to ask who it was that thus addressed him, and San Isidoro, for it was he, declared himself. Three times was the vision repeated, and thrice it pointed with a wand to the place where the relics lay. Alvitus was informed that, on digging them up, he should be seized by a sickness of which he should die. He roused his companions and told them what had happened. They at once recognized the place where the miraculous wand had struck; a marvellously sweet odour convinced them, by its healing effect on Moors and Christians, that their search was successful. When at last the bones of the saintly Doctor were found, lying in a casket of juniper wood, the Moorish King was for a time unwilling to consent to their removal. But this danger was averted by another miracle. So soon as he began to meditate on the advisability of seizing the relics they became invisible to him, "his thoughts took another direction, and all desire of possessing them deserted him." Alvitus, as the vision had prophesied, died seven days after. His body was carried back to Léon by his companions, along with the bones of San Isidoro. These were enclosed in a casket of gold, and the new church was dedicated to the saint who had shown such marked favour to its founder.¹

In this church the Host is perpetually manifest (as at the Cathedral at Lugo), and the altar is therefore much inclosed, for a priest is not, as at Lugo, always in attendance. Opening off the church, by a Moorish door of curious design, is the chapel of Santa Catalina, better known as the Pantheon, a magnificent chamber, the vaulting of which, covered with frescoes,

¹ "The Cid," p. 49.

is supported on short columns, with elaborately carved and varied capitals. This seems undoubtedly the oldest part of the church, and in it were buried eleven kings, twelve queens, and eleven infantas. Most of their tombs were destroyed by the French, who, it is said, used this splendid structure as a stable for their horses.

It is amazing to think of all the destruction the French were guilty of in Spain. Wherever one goes, one reads that this or that church or public building was wrecked by the French. I wondered at first if this had caused any resentment to that nation, but could not find a trace of such a feeling. I fancy the Spaniards are too really generous a people to nurse a grievance against the descendants of those who have injured them, and from incidents which have been told me, I believe that they are not revengeful. A manager of a large mine—I met him at Sevilla—told me that when he first went to live amongst the miners (who were the roughest set of men to be found anywhere), a dispute arose one evening. Suddenly a friend seized him by the arm, and, to his amazement, hustled him out with great dispatch. He explained that at that moment he had noticed a miner put his hand towards his knife, “and if a man here does that,” he continued, “it is merely a question of who is quickest, you or he.” I asked what would happen next day. “Surely,” I remarked, “the man would wait for him and kill him in the end.” “No,” replied my acquaintance; “a Spaniard never kills in cold blood. The moment of uncontrolled anger over, the man would be safe enough.”

I certainly think that if Spaniards can forgive Soult, they can forgive anyone. Travellers who value beautiful buildings will have less kindly feelings.

The interior of the church itself has an almost eastern air owing to its cusped arches. The groining shaft, placed straight

in front of one of the aisle windows, is "probably the result of some accident or change of plan."¹

The exterior of San Isidoro is particularly interesting. Both the south transept door and the south doorway to the nave



SAN ISIDORO, LÉON : SOUTH TRANSEPT DOOR.

merit close study, and the general view of the exterior, with its fine tower near the town walls, composes very picturesquely. There is the invariably present and always charming Spanish feature of a fountain in the little plaza in front of the church.

¹ Street, p. 124.

I thought the Convent of San Marco well worth a visit. It is desecrated and belongs to government, and part of it is used as a museum. This contains, amongst other things, a finely carved wooden figure of St. Francis of Assisi, by Luis Garmona (eighteenth century), under life size ; four crucifixes which are certainly very ancient, but perhaps later than the ninth century ; and, in a glass case, a beautifully painted old fan. In the cloisters are many capitals and mouldings from ruined monasteries and ancient Roman inscriptions on upright stones.

The building is profusely decorated both within and without with shells.

Two days should be devoted to Léon ; any one to whom it is worth while to go there at all will need them. I have in my time-table divided these two days, as Léon makes a convenient, and indeed necessary, resting-place on both journeys.

ASTORGA.

From Léon I had an interesting journey to Coruña. The corridor carriages on this railway are very comfortable.

Murray's guide gives a good account of the romantic history of the bridge of Veguellina, or "Knight's Bridge." Ten miles beyond this is Astorga, and the bridge can be visited either from here or between two trains. I did not see it, nor to my great regret did I stop at Astorga. But I invariably found when travelling in Spain that I had no sooner diverged from the direct route to visit some interesting place, than other places in the neighbourhood tempted me to stop at them, and my heart strings were always being agitated by a desire to explore some half dozen ancient cities or historical sites for every one which I had time to stop at. However, a country like this has the

one overwhelming advantage—it would take years to see it properly.

There is a charming chapter about Astorga in “A Note-Book in Northern Spain,” by A. M. Huntington. He says: “A strange thing has happened. At the edge of the great Léonese plain, which here, stretching to the Guadarrames, on the south begins to be walled in by the Cantabrian, at the foot of the smaller mountains of Léon, live the remnants of a people who seem to have in some way lost themselves during the succession flux and reflux of Moorish and Christian advance and retreat, and to have been cast up out of that sea upon this shore, here to preserve strange half-forgotten and half-modified traditions, and a peculiar costume.”

The author gives sound reasons for his belief that they are of Moorish origin. Their baggy trousers, their love of jewelry, the enormous ear-rings of the women, their retirement “their sudden ceasing from their peculiar wedding dances at the entrance of a stranger, seem more the outgrowth of Semitic than northern tendencies.”

Glancing out of the window of the railway carriage at Astorga, I saw a man standing by the train on the opposite side of the platform, whose baggy trousers suggested a Maragato. I pointed my camera at his back and waited. Presently the passengers saw me, and with the quickness of perception of their race, and the kindness I have ever found amongst them, united to assist me. A word to my quarry and he turned round, while the click of the shutter was the signal for a broad smile on the faces of my assistants, as well as on that of my prey. I had a moment to call a hasty apology to him as the train sedately moved out of the station. The result will be seen on the opposite page.

Baedeker gives an excellent account of the piece of railway

from Brañuelas to Torre (p. 480). I cannot do better than extract it. "The train now reaches the watershed between the Douro and Minho, and penetrates the crest of the Manzanal mountains at a height of 3,300 feet by a tunnel 1,640 feet long. The descent on the other side is full of variety. The train bends to the S.W. and N. in three curves, and threads eleven



AT ASTORGA. A MARAGATO.

tunnels before reaching La Granja, which remains to the right. It then runs towards the south, surrounding the watershed between the Tremor and Silva by means of two tunnels. The railway next turns to the north-east and again penetrates this ridge by a tunnel 1,140 yards long, passing under the part of the track just traversed 310 feet above. Finally it runs towards the

west, once more passing La Granja, which this time lies to the left. Eight more tunnels, beside huge cuttings and bridges, are passed before we reach Torre, which lies about 1,440 feet lower than the tunnel of Brañuelas."

And yet Spain is a bankrupt country ! How do they manage to make these wonderful railways and magnificent roads ? With foreign capital perhaps, yet it is to be supposed that the foreigners expect some return for their outlay. Travellers should look out on the left, after Montefurado, for the mouth of the Roman tunnel through which the river passes. The outlook is everywhere of great interest, and as standing is allowed on the platform at the end of the carriage, one can enjoy it to the full. After San Clodio the engineering of the line is worth attention, for a regular mountain ascent begins. From time to time the windings of the high road are visible. I longed to bicycle the whole distance from León to Coruña ; it was a pleasure I promised myself in the future.

From the train I noticed many women minding the cattle and sheep in the fields, industriously plying their distaffs the while. The wool was sometimes laid out to dry on the walls. The sheep appeared to browse on ploughed fields. One notices, in many parts of northern Spain, how a few weeds and blades of grass here and there on a hill side are considered sufficient nourishment for these poor lean sheep. The pigs fare much better.

I spent a day at Lugo on the return journey and will therefore refer to it in detail later on (see p. 179).

CORUÑA.

Coruña would be an awkward abode during a bombardment. The entire fronts of most of the houses are covered with glass, and often as one sees these *miradors* in Spain, they are nowhere so conspicuous as here.

The sights of Coruña can be visited in half a day. They include the garden with its monument to Sir John Moore, and the tablet to those drowned in the "Serpent," and two churches, Santa Maria and Santiago. "There is not, so far as I know, any evidence as to the exact date of these churches, but I think that the character of all their details proves that they were founded about the middle of the twelfth century. They are evidently later than the Cathedral of Santiago, and tally more with the work . . . in the nave of Lugo Cathedral. And though the dimensions of both are insignificant, they appear to me to be extremely valuable examples, as showing two evident attempts at development on the part of their architect, who to judge of the strong similarity of some of their details, was probably the same man. Three barrel vaults on the same level as at Sta. Maria are seldom seen; and the bold cross arches spanning Santiago are a good example of an attempt in the twelfth century to achieve what few have yet attempted to accomplish in the revival of the present day—the covering of a broad nave in a simple, economical and yet effective manner."¹

Sta. Maria is being restored and two bays added to the nave. The external cloister which Street refers to as "quaint and picturesque" has been removed, and the fine old west doorway is thus better seen.

¹ Street, p. 138.

Santiago has a good west door, which with a very short focus lens (I should have liked one of 3 inches for my quarter-plate) one can manage to photograph, by standing on the parapet.

The north door of this church is uncommon and attractive.

Pleasant and interesting excursions can be made to Ferrol for its old churches and pre-historic remains, and to Betzanos for its two old churches and quaint streets.

Many items were omitted from the bill when I quitted Hotel Francia, and I had to remind the landlady of them. She took the additional pesetas with reluctance.

SANTIAGO.

I have a great dislike to travelling by diligence, so with two friends I decided to take a private carriage to Santiago, and keep it there till our return. The owner asked us 280 pesetas for the three days, but eventually agreed to do it for 150, everything included. I am bound to say that he stuck to his bargain, and did not suggest a *pourboire* when we paid him off on our return to Coruña. He gave us a comfortable carriage and four horses.

When the carriage drove up it was closed. We asked the driver and another man, whom for some inscrutable reason he took with him to Santiago, to open it. They demurred. "The ladies will be cold." It was a cloudless day, the hottest for weeks. We still insisted. "It is impossible, it does not open." "Then get us a carriage which does." By this time we had one of those orderly and deeply interested crowds round us which any prolonged episode causes to assemble in Spain. To shorten the story (which is a very long one), a blacksmith was fetched, half the carriage demolished, the horses relieved of a great and

superfluous weight, the crowd satisfied, and the driver obliged to confess that we were in the right.

Half an hour late—at 10.30—we started. I may say here, for the convenience of readers, that we took $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours to reach Santiago, which included $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour rest.

The drive is a delightful one. The road mounts steadily till



ON THE ROAD TO SANTIAGO.

it overlooks a long narrow fiord. A railway bridge was being constructed here, I suppose for the new line to Ferrol. Looking back, there is a charming view of Coruña, crowned with its famous lighthouse.

We soon met one of the creaking carts, so common in Portugal, about which I had often read. First a sound like the distant whistle of a steamer was borne to our ears. As it approached

it took more and more of the pureness of a sustained note of music, now and then adding the upper octave. But when it passed us it sounded like a saw mill at work, and how either the oxen who draw it or the peasants who walk by it can tolerate so ear-splitting a noise, I cannot understand. The wheels are nearly solid, and entirely of wood, keyed on to the axle, which itself revolves in wooden bearings; thus the sound is caused by the friction of wood on wood. We passed many little buildings, like tiny chapels, with a cross at one end and a miniature bell-cote at the other, as we drove along. The first we saw was of stone, and larger than most. I asked the driver if it was a chapel. He laughed till he nearly overbalanced. "No," he said; "it is for storing the food for the animals."

Great mimosa trees and camellias are seen here and there. By the road are the industrious road menders, a pleasant class to speak to. They wear a very smart costume, consisting of a black coat with violet facings and gilt buttons, and a violet stripe down the trousers, a large felt hat, and a brass plate in front of the latter giving their number and occupation. The peasants are picturesquely attired about here. They are dressed in white coats braided with black and having gilt buttons, red waistcoats, white knee breeches and white stockings. All reply courteously to the "good day" which it is a pleasure to wish them.

The road continues to rise. The vegetation becomes less southern. The hedges are lined with violets and primroses. We gallop up the shorter hills and go a steady pace on the level. A long ascent where it is pleasant to walk brings us over breezy downs to the highest point of our journey. Here the horses drink from a tank by the wayside. We halt a short time at a village further on. A tall and battered cross stands in a little plaza. Does it mark a resting-place of pilgrims to Santiago?

Centuries ago they came barefoot over the hills from Coruña, and thousands and thousands of devout wayfarers must have wearily passed along the track. Now there is one of the finest roads in Europe, and a bicyclist looks on the run as an easy day's ride.

At half past three o'clock we halted at the village of Ordenes for lunch, and to rest the horses. A tiny inn with a pleasant balcony offered hospitality. We had brought our food from Coruña, and ate it leisurely as we watched the life going forward in the street below. The landlady, a pretty, tall, slight woman, went backwards and forwards to the fountain. The buckets in which the peasants in this part of Spain carry water are curiously and very practically shaped. I got a photograph of the lady on one of her return journeys.

A tip for monopolizing the balcony and for the use we had made of one of her rooms for tidying ourselves, brought a look of amazement to the face of our hostess. What could our money be for?

Pigs abound everywhere, and are fat and well cared for. The children looked fresh and rosy, the people well clad. Where is this great poverty of Spain? We could not find it here.

It was dark as we approached Santiago. We did not say much but I think no one can enter it without a feeling of awe. I cannot give voice to it, but the author of "A Note-Book in Northern Spain" has done so in such eloquent language that I am constrained to quote from him.

"About half past nine I walked out along the dimly lighted, arcaded streets, over broad flag pavements, like those of Coruña, to the cathedral. With me went the *sereno*, or watchman, who, wrapped in his cloak, his staff surmounted by a steel axe, was, as he stalked on, a theatre character, majestic in the moonlight. As we stood in the solemn, silent square under the

tower, with a clear sky and moonlight above and about us, the great bell began to strike. Its heavy hammer of wood sent a strange, mysterious voice across the deserted space. It was a time for still walking and wondering, and half-falling asleep, and so back into the past; that wonderful past which is not dead in Spain but sleeps, and which at times, and under the proper spell, seems to revive. Was the sound of passing feet not that of a great army of departed pilgrims? Was not the square filled with white, upturned faces in the moonlight. Were there not thousands upon thousands of voices mingled together in answer to the great sobbing beat of that grave singer high above us? Beat! beat! beat! and again beat! beat! beat! and the moonlight shivered along the pavement, and the ghostly steps were still and the voices were hushed.

“Then, suddenly, at my side, as though the soul of all had really spoken out with a passionate human cry, there rose the chanting call of the *sereno*. I started as the long wail sprang from the hollow stones beside me. It filled the air; it beat against the black and silver walls of moonlight and shadow; it rose with its wonderful, quavering invocation and fell to an earthly cry of agony. On the face of the man who leaned upon his glittering axe-head I could see an expression of exultation. Into these often-repeated words he was throwing not only his physical but his spiritual nature. His very soul, bred up among these wonderful walls where history had folded her wings while man went slowly by, had caught up and learned its unconsciously instilled thread of meaning. This watchman’s call was a prayer for life amongst such wealth of death. ‘*Ave Maria purissima. Son las diez y sereno.*’”¹

We could not see the place under such appropriate conditions,

¹ Huntington, p. 27.

but early the next morning we started off through the narrow streets for the great square. I know few Cathedrals which are so imposingly surrounded as this famous church, itself a most majestic monumental pile. Though the style of these buildings does not appeal to me personally, I feel that I cannot criticise them. All is so overwhelmingly solemn. Let us then treat it as something more than a collection of architectural features.

Street's description of the surroundings of the Cathedral, as seen on a sunny, bright morning, is written in a happy vein. He says, "Steep flights of steps lead from one Plaza to another, a fountain plays among quarrelsome water-carriers in one, and in another, not only does an old woman retail scallop-shells to those who want them, but a tribe of market people ply their trade, cover the flags with their bright fruit, make the ear tired with their eternal wrangle, and the eye delighted with their gay choice of colour for sashes, head gear, and what not."¹

Everywhere will be seen the signs of St. James ; the star, the sword and the shell.

But it is time to enter the Cathedral.

We first directed our steps to the Puerta de la Gloria, inside the west door. There is a fine cast of part of this splendid "Gate of Glory," in the South Kensington Museum, but the original conveys a much finer effect, partly on account of its delicate colouring and partly because of its completeness. One is thankful that, owing to its sheltered position, it is entirely uninjured. On the other hand, if the great west doors could be kept open, it would be possible to see it so much better. It formed the inner portion of the porch before the newer west façade was constructed outside. Photographers will find a useful bar across the wooden doors on which a small camera

¹ Street, p. 141.

can be propped up. The photograph which I give here, looking up the nave to the choir, with the central column of the porch, was taken by this means.

Street has fully described this grand piece of work, an excellent sketch of which appears as frontispiece to his "Gothic Architecture in Spain." His remark that the Cathedral is "a very curiously exact repetition of the Church of S. Sernin at Toulouse" must not be forgotten.¹

A church with such a history cannot fail to be impressive. Nevertheless, the eye is shocked by the gigantic and corpulent golden coloured cherubs, which support a *baldacchino* in worse taste than any I have ever met with.

In order to see the tomb of St. James and the relics and treasures, it is necessary to reach the Cathedral very early in the morning. Whatever hour one presents oneself at, will probably be considered the wrong one, so a little persistence is necessary. One of the canons has the key, and not unfrequently forgets to bring it with him when attending early Mass.

In connection with the Puerta Santa, only opened in the Jubilee year, I may mention that the last Jubilee was in 1897.

The lower church, dating from 1168 to 1175, is a mere chapel. A sacristan from the Cathedral will unlock it. The sculptures near the altar are good. Those on the great column near the entrance have been covered with whitewash.

A church which Street did not find—and no wonder, for it is almost outside the city, and not at all easy to see—is that of Sta. Maria del Sar. This is extremely interesting. The sacristan lives in the adjoining house. The foundations in the marshy soil have proved so insecure that huge buttresses have been built to prevent the walls falling outwards. The sanctuary arch

¹ Street, p. 145.



PUERTA DE LA GLORIA, SANTIAGO.

is enormously bulged out at the top, and this would be still more noticeable if the original floor of the church were visible. The present boarded floor commences above the base of the columns, and one can easily lift a portion of it, which is purposely loose, close to the north-west detached column. It is worth while doing this. By the south door are three separate holy water stoups, marked respectively for men, women and children.

What remains of the cloister is very charming. It contains two ancient tombs.

Opposite to the office of the Ferro Carriliana, at the corner of the square, is a gloomy, two-storeyed old palace. This is now used partly as a school, and partly as the printing office of Senor Galaica. It was formerly the headquarters of the Inquisition, and the row of cells is still in existence where prisoners were confined. They are so extremely dirty, that I do not advise anyone to visit them. The traveller will have odours enough at Santiago. A covered drain runs down the centre of each street, with ventilating holes here and there. As most of the streets are only wide enough for foot passengers, the smells cannot be escaped. A handkerchief held persistently over mouth and nose is a desirable precaution here against a sore throat.

The public gardens are very pleasant, and there is a fine view from them—the best to be had—of Santiago.

The hospital may be visited, with its chapel and its many *patios*. One of our party, accompanied by a professor of the University whose acquaintance we happened to make, and who gave up an entire afternoon to showing us round, went over the wards, and assured me that they were airy and comfortable, and that the patients appeared well cared for. As my friend is chaplain to an English hospital his opinion is worth having.

LUGO.

I spent a long and delightful day at Lugo on my return journey from Coruña. There was no railway buffet, in spite of



AT LUGO.

guide book announcements. The Hotel Mendez Nunez,¹ a

¹ Casto Mendez Nunez was born at Vigo in 1824, and died at Madrid in 1869. He was a captain in the Spanish navy, and commanded the "Numancia" in the war of Spain with Chili, Bolivia and Peru. He is said to have left a glorious name in the Spanish navy for bombarding Valparaiso and Callao. His saying of "Espana mas quiere honra sin buques, que buques sin honra" (Spain prefers honour without ships, to ships without honour) has become historic.

common name for hotels in these parts, at which I encamped for the day, had the usual Spanish peculiarity of looking very unpromising externally and being perfectly comfortable when once entered. It is close to all the sights.

Of the many picturesque markets I have seen, none pleased me more than that which was being held that sunny day in the large, open square of Lugo, with its fruit-laden stalls, its groups of peasants and its charming central fountain, round which clustered graceful water carriers with earthenware pitchers, each waiting her turn to put the long tin tube she carried to the mouth of one of the big, placid, unpractically designed beasts high above on its pedestal.

The Cathedral is particularly quiet and solemn on account of perpetual manifestation of the Host. There is a glass screen all round the Capilla Mayor, and a priest is always kneeling before the altar.

The south door is good, and the ironwork on it should be noticed. The whole porch is picturesque.

The walk round the top of the walls is justly famous, but it is extremely hot and shadeless. It is best to take it towards evening, when the colours over the widely stretching country are especially beautiful. The walls are charmingly clad in ivy, wall-flower and other plants.

The Church of San Francisco contains ancient tombs in its side apses. There are recumbent figures on them, that of a woman having angels at the head and a dog—the emblem of faithfulness—under the feet.¹

The cloisters are now the property of a sisterhood, which keeps a school. I was rather disappointed with them. The west door is curious.

¹ See Brewer, under "Dog" (p. 366). Similarly a lion is placed at the feet of a man to symbolize courage.

Santo Domingo has a fine tomb in the south apse. This church is not of much interest to the ordinary traveller. Grotesque sculptured heads seem to be a feature of the churches here.

In many churches of Spain—I cannot recollect which, but I think in the Cathedrals of Lugo, Palencia, and Pamplona amongst others—I noticed a gigantic painting of St. Christopher and the Child on the west wall of the south transept. I believe the reason is because it was thought that anyone looking on a representation of St. Christopher would be free from danger for the rest of the day.¹

A boy from the hotel will gladly show the chemist's shop where the piece of Roman mosaic flooring remains. The proprietor, a pleasant man, escorted me through a trap-door and down a ladder to see it. The colours are bright and fresh, and the design good. He has drawings of other portions of it. He was not of a class I could tip, so I contented myself by buying a box of lozenges and shaking hands.

A delightful way of spending a hot afternoon at Lugo is to stroll down to the river, cross the bridge by the Baths, turn sharp to the right, and follow the path till one reaches a shady place, and rest there. The clear water of the river is most pleasant to the eye after the many brown streams of Spain, and the spot is quiet and pretty.

¹ Brewer. See under "San Christobal," p. 1099. Also in the "Dictionnaire de Biographie Chrétienne," by Migne.

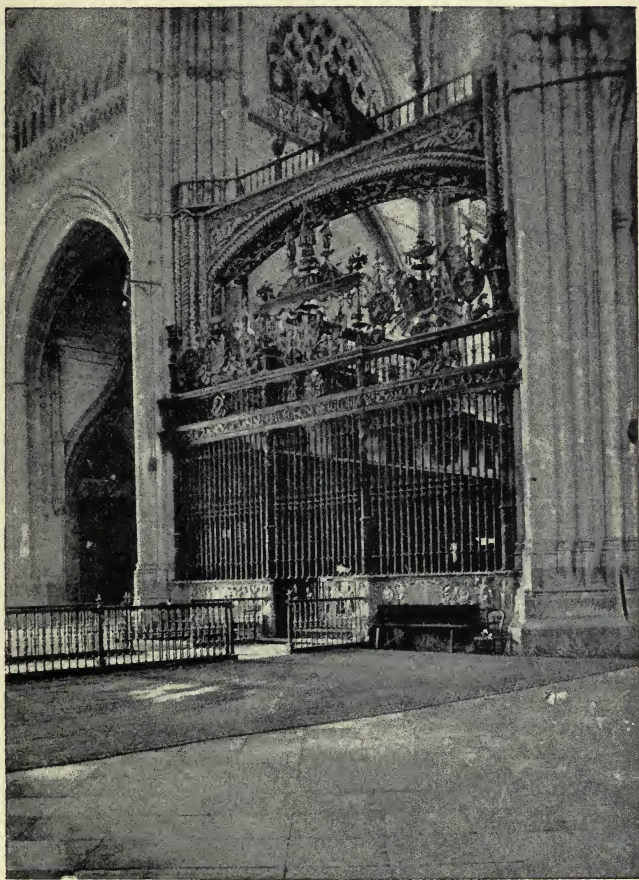
PALENCIA.

Thirty-eight miles from Palencia is Sahagun, a place which looked so interesting from the train that I longed to stop there. One could easily visit it from Palencia, where there are excellent quarters at one of the best hotels in Spain, only inferior to those at Madrid, Sevilla, Barcelona, and Toledo.

Sahagun is a mud-built town, like many others about here, and has two curious churches, one with a fine four-sided tower above the crossing. This tower narrows towards the top, and has round-headed windows, five each side of the lower storey, four in each of the two above, and six in the highest.

It would be a good thing if other hotels copied a device which I noticed at the Hotel Continental, Palencia, consisting of a box in the hall for tips (to be divided equally amongst the servants) and another for complaints. The back entrance to the hotel being in the Calle Mayor, one most frequently enters by it, but it looks so uninviting that I nearly went elsewhere when first confronted with it. The smells of Palencia—from which, however, the hotel is absolutely free—rival those of Santiago. But here one can escape them by walking in the middle of the street. There is a left luggage office at Palencia Station, where the modest fee on my parcels was reckoned, not on their number, but on their weight.

There is a curious clock in the gallery of the Cathedral. It is to the east of the south transept. There is nothing particularly fine about this church except its size. The aisles are nearly as broad as the nave, 32 feet 2 inches, and 36 feet 8 inches respectively. The choir stalls are good of their kind, as are the metal screens opening into some of the chapels round the apse.



REJA OF THE CORO, PALENCIA CATHEDRAL.

The tower of San Miguel is a conspicuous object in views of Palencia, and looks very fine from the river. Street writes that it is "full of peculiarity and vigour."¹

He describes the church as both the earliest and best in the city. Its interior is interesting only to ecclesiologists, and the same may be said of other churches here, several of which I visited, including that of San Francisco with its external cloister, and that of San Pedro.

Palencia is a disappointing place. Not so Venta de Baños, where I imagined an hour would suffice and found a whole morning none too long.

VENTA DE BAÑOS.

I have said how excellent is the little hotel here. The morning after my arrival, I set forth for the Church of St. John the Baptist, at Cerrato, about a mile off. The rough sketch below may help in finding the village.



It was Sunday, and a crowd of children followed me through the quaint, mud-built streets. With these came the sacristan, an intelligent young man who was very patient during my long visit. The tiny church—genuinely the oldest in Spain, as I believe—stands outside the village. How I wished when I

¹ Street, p. 62.

saw it that Street had known of it, for a description by him would be most valuable. I am giving two illustrations of this church, for I fancy it has been seldom photographed and not much written about.

Nearly all the openings—windows, doors, and arches—have a distinct horse-shoe shape. This is very remarkable, as the church is supposed to date from the seventh century, and the chancel arch is referred to in guide books as being a portion of the original structure. It seems to me likely that the horse-



CHURCH AT CERRATO, VENTA DE BAÑOS.

shoe arches were inserted by Moorish workmen during a restoration, and perhaps the *outer* portion of the chancel arch, with its moulding, is alone original. This bears the date 661, and the Moors first obtained a real footing in Spain in 711. I cannot, however, understand how it is that if the bath (to be referred to later on) is even older than the church, Moorish work is found in it. At the west end of the nave there is a double horse-shoe window. Over the west doorway is a Maltese cross and another over the chancel arch.

The following measurements are only approximate :

Length of nave . . .	39 feet.
Length of chancel . . .	15 feet.
Length over all . . .	54 feet.
Width of chancel . . .	14 feet.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH AT CERRATO.

There are three apses. The central one has a barrel vault, the others quadripartite vaults.

The eight columns are monoliths. The aisles have a lean-to wooden roof, and the nave also has a wooden roof. Over each arch is an irregular slit window. The painting round the central arch, and the mouldings, are now being carefully released from their covering of whitewash. The church is

under restoration and I believe this is being intelligently and skilfully done.

A very large shallow font stands in the corner of the church. I could not discover if it had ever had a pedestal, but if not it seems likely that it was used for immersion. It measured 5 feet 6 inches across, and was $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot deep. The stone was 9 inches thick.

The story of the foundation of this church is so short that I must tell it here.

There is a spring close at hand, and the waters of this are said to have cured Recesvinto, King of the Visigoths, of a malady from which he suffered. In his gratitude he erected this little church in 661. He also gave to it a Byzantine alabaster figure, which still remains and is in the possession of the *curé*, who showed it to me. It was much broken by the French.

The existence of the spring seems to have escaped the notice of writers up to now, and I was therefore quite ignorant of it; but, by a stroke of good luck, my attention was drawn to it. While photographing the church, and expressing my admiration for its quaintness, the ever-following crowd chiming in sympathetically to my remarks, a peasant woman, with a jug under her arm, inquired if I had as yet seen the well. I said no. She assured me that it was extremely interesting and older than the church. I felt sceptical, but, on the principle of seeing all there is to see, followed her.

She led me only a few yards to the south of the church, down the slope, to where a horse-shoe arch opened into the hill-side.

Here then was the king's bath! There could be no mistake about it. It was obviously a bath, supplied by an ever-flowing spring. Large fish swam about in the beautifully clear water.

Another eastern-looking arch can be seen inside by stooping forward through the entrance. But for this woman I should

never have found the place, for though so close to the church it is quite invisible from it and none of my guide books mention it. Though there had been no rain for eighteen months the supply of water remained constant; it was the only pure water the village contained. The church is now a "National Monument" and will therefore be properly cared for.



THE KING'S BATH.

It was now time to turn homewards, but as I quitted the village I noticed some odd-looking mounds with wooden doors to them. I felt that I must get inside a mound and see what it was, so I pointed to the lock and said in a questioning tone to a boy who stood by "Llave?" The boy grasped the meaning, grinned, and disappeared.

Before long he returned with a very smart and smiling damsel

who carried an enormous key, opened the door, and bade me enter. A long flight of stairs led to a large vault. Here the wine was stored, and as a great deal is made in this district, the "Bodegas" or cellars are numerous.

BURGOS.

People have a trick of saying that there is little to see at Burgos except the Cathedral. Nothing can be more misleading than such a remark. Considering the small size of the old part of Burgos, there is a very great deal to see, and several nights can be pleasantly spent at the comfortable Hotel Norte. Everybody told me beforehand to go to the Hotel Paris, but the Norte was starred by Bædeker, so I pinned my faith to it. The landlady speaks good French and is particularly obliging, the food was excellent, and there were nice private sitting-rooms to be had on reasonable terms. The Norte is the nearest hotel to the Cathedral, being less than a minute's walk from it.

After the yellow Cathedrals and churches of the towns I had lately been in, the first thing that struck me about Burgos was its blackness; its west façade has quite the colour of Rheims or Amiens. Its great feature, as one approaches it, is its spires. It is the fashion to depreciate the magnificence of Burgos Cathedral. I thought it grand and striking. No Spanish Cathedral has the external splendour and correctness and produces the immediate effect of one of the greater French churches.¹ But if less beautiful as a whole, many Spanish Cathedrals have within an extraordinary wealth of charming

¹ "The Gothic of Spain in the thirteenth century follows more closely than the pointed architecture of any other country the structural principles of France" (Moore, p. 198).

detail, of interesting tombs, pictures, carving, ironwork, stained glass and treasures, and Burgos is a striking instance of such a church. I spent the whole of more than one morning inside, under the charge of a sacristan who was both intelligent and pleasant. It is a museum of exquisite work in stone and bronze. The Capilla del Condestable, with its wonderful entrance, is most interesting and beautiful within, and indeed there is so much to see in various parts of the church that two or three hours pass swiftly away there. The ironwork of Burgos Cathedral is considered the finest in Spain.

Immediately opposite the north door of the Cathedral is a house, the door of which seems always open. Visitors should walk up the staircase as there is a magnificent wooden ceiling above. This house was formerly the palace of a noble family, but is now going to ruin, and is used as a lodging house for the poorer classes. The court-yard shows traces of sculpture, and the stables round it have some of the old work visible here and there.

Close to the west end of the Cathedral is the Church of San Nicholas. This must be entered (a policeman will fetch the sacristan) because it has a wonderful *retablo*, carved in stone from floor to roof. The detail is so minute that the help of opera glasses in seeing it is desirable. The *retablos* in a few other churches are also good, and fine metal *repoussé* work is met with in more than one pulpit. There was formerly a pulpit of this sort in Durham Cathedral.

That of San Gil at Burgos is very famous. The knocker on the west door of this church is curious.

Tombs with figures carved in black marble, and hands and face of very transparent white marble, will be noticed in several churches at and near Burgos. Similar effigies are not uncommon in the Netherlands. Sometimes the sacristan shows up the



CATHEDRAL, BURGOS.

transparency by holding a lighted taper under it ; I thought the effect unpleasant.

I drove one afternoon to the Monastery of Miraflores and the Convent of las Huelgas, both well worth seeing, and amply described in guide books.

The little museum, situated in the Arco de Santa Maria, merits a visit, for it contains some beautiful tombs, a Moorish arch, a very curious Byzantine altar, and other interesting things. The pictures are rubbish. It is a pleasant walk to the ruined castle from the Cathedral, up past San Nicholas, then to the right, on the fringe of the town, by San Esteban, with its fine portal, returning by San Gil, and diverging, when near home, to the church of Lesmes, opposite to which is the Hospital de San Juan, with a highly decorated and interesting doorway. Finally one passes the Casa del Cordon, now a barrack, with the cordon or order of the Teutonic Knights carved round its doorway, and queer beasts crouching inside the two upper corners. The Casa de Miranda is on the other side of the river, and is worth a visit.

The second day of my stay at Burgos I gave myself up to photography. The children were inclined to be particularly annoying, but I had barely turned off from the main street, towards the apse of the Cathedral, when I saw that I was being closely followed by two policemen. They accompanied me till I was about to set up my camera, when one of them stepped over to my side and earnestly besought me to try another spot, which he proceeded to indicate. Obligated to reluctantly admit the superiority of his taste, I planted my tripod where he wished, and then there commenced an extremely diverting game of hide and seek. A little head was silently poked round the corner of a wall, followed by another and yet another. Then, with a magnificent swoop, the policeman bore down upon the

lot, a tremendous scuffling ensued, and for a moment the street was deserted. Soon the scene recommenced, and the whole thing was re-enacted in a precisely similar manner. At last we moved on to another place, the policemen, who were on the friendliest of terms, pronouncing the youth of Burgos to be "very very bad," an opinion shared by several other policemen who came to my assistance on different occasions. Having explored the exterior of the Cathedral, one of my policemen fetched the sacristan of St. Nicholas, and insisted on my photographing the *retablo* there. As the result has exceeded my wildest hopes, I feel deeply grateful to him. I believe the Burgos police are thoroughly accustomed to conduct parties about, for an English girl told me that she tried to sketch on the slopes below the castle, and was so much bothered by the crowd of children that she was about to abandon her attempt when a policeman appeared, drove them all away, and remained with her for a couple of hours, finally taking her for a walk in the town, and showing her various objects of interest. When they parted she gave him a peseta, for which he warmly thanked her. On one occasion a policeman walked with me for a long time in search of a doorway I was anxious to find, and at first refused the tip I offered.

Burgos is so intimately connected with the Cid, that I wanted to brush up my information about this gentleman when I was there. The accounts in the guide books were, however, most unsatisfactory. So when I got home I hunted up what facts I could, and I give a very short *résumé* of his life here in case others may be glad of it.

"His name of *El Cid*, the Lord, or *Mio Cid*, which is exactly *Monseigneur*, was given him first by the Moors *El Campeador*, the name by which Rodrigo is also distinguished, means in Spanish something more special than 'champion.' A

campeador was a man who had fought and beaten the select fighting-man of the opposite side, in the presence of the two armies ; which points to a custom derived, as much else of early Spanish, from the East.”¹

In the “Argosy” for March, 1895, p. 344, the writer of a series of articles on Spain, gives the derivation of Cid, which he says is from the Arabic *Seyyed*.

The Cid Campeador, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, whose history is so mixed up with legend that it is difficult to know how to separate truth from fable, is supposed to have been born, about 1040, at Burgos. His father was a descendant of one of the ancient judges of Castille. The romance of his early years was worthy of his later exploits. Having killed Count Lozano de Gomez for an insult offered to his father, he married the daughter of the slain count, having first proved himself worthy of the maiden Zimena’s hand by slaying five Moorish kings. The portion of the Cid’s life which belongs to authentic history may be said to commence with the death of Ferdinand, who unwisely split up his kingdom, leaving sovereign power over portions of it to each of his children. The Cid sided with Sancho, the most powerful of the sons, and they soon drove both Sancho’s brothers from their inheritance. But when they tried to seize Zamora, the heritage of Sancho’s sister, that prince was assassinated, and the Cid transferred his help to Alfonso, one of the remaining brothers. But, as the story goes on, so solemnly did the Cid challenge his sovereign to swear that he was guiltless of his brother’s death, that the king was visibly agitated, and never after regarded him with favour, and later on banished him to Barcelona. From here he went to Zaragoza, and allied himself with the Moorish king, Almuctaman. On the death of the Moor the Cid wished to return to Castille,

¹ “Spain,” p. 76.



THE RETABLO, SAN NICHOLAS, BURGOS.

and Alfonso eagerly welcomed his assistance against the Moorish king, Yusef, with whom he was then at war. But again the jealousy of courtiers, and the lukewarm friendship of Alfonso, led to banishment, from which the Cid was once more recalled and again banished to Valencia. He then allied himself with Zaragoza, and after prodigies of valour freed much of the south coast from the Moors, and became extremely powerful.

He now sent for his wife and daughters from Burgos and died at Valencia in 1099, his remains, it is said, being conveyed to Burgos on his favourite horse. His ashes were finally deposited in the town-hall at Burgos. The chief sources of information as to the history of the Cid are the famous Chronicle, of which the earliest known edition is dated Burgos, 1593, but which was in all probability written within one hundred and fifty years of the Cid's death. There are also nearly 200 ballads on the exploits of the Cid, some of which may be dated at a period not much later than the lifetime of the hero.

For the foregoing particulars I am indebted to the article on the Cid in "The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography." An excellent biography of the Cid was published in 1898 in the "Heroes of the Nations" series. It is by Mr. Butler Clarke.

An interesting excursion can be made from Burgos to the ruined monastery of Fres de Val. One of the guide books stated that it is at present a brewery, but this is not the case now, and I saw no traces of it ever having been one. It is private property, and a caretaker and his family live there. One can drive nearly to it, but if the visitor walks, as I did, this is the way.

First, past the church of San Gil, continuing under the arch. Here begins the high road to Santander. It must be followed to the second village (about three miles), noting a big gray church

standing conspicuously on a little hill to the right, behind the village. A broad path leads past this church and is kept to (it bears at first rather to the left) all the way to the monastery, which comes in sight some time before it is reached. One hour and a half should be allowed for the walk either way.

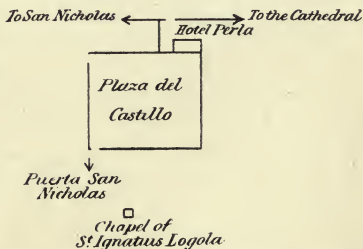
The late Gothic cloisters are very beautiful, and there is great variety in their tracery. Here is a finely decorated recess with a much injured "Descent" above it. A second set of cloisters, known as the Patio de las Padillas, is terribly ruinous and neglected, and is strewn with fragments of mouldings and columns. Close to the entrance from the cloisters to the staircase hangs a crocodile. No tombs are left in the monastery (one is to be seen at the museum at Burgos), but exquisite medallions and other pieces of sculpture lie about.

I did not visit the monastery of San Pedro de Cardena, where the Cid was buried, and where the bones of his horse, Babieca, still lie. Since returning home I have read enough about the monastery to much regret that I did not go there.

PAMPLONA.

All the sights are within a few minutes' walk of Hotel Perla.

The chief object of interest in the Cathedral is the celebrated Moorish casket (*Arquita* is the Spanish word for it), which, however, is most difficult to see. Everyone asked will at first say he never heard of it. Then he may inform visitors that they must apply to the Archbishop. I promptly called at



the Episcopal Palace hard by and saw the secretary, an affable young man who was perfectly certain no such casket existed. I had Riaño's "Spanish Arts" with me, on p. 131 of which it is figured, but unfortunately had left it at the hotel. Finally I got hold of a man who informed me that a Canon had the key, but that he could not be found then. I believe if one went round with the picture and a large stock of patience one might in the end get a sight of it. Yet I am by no means sure, for did not the author of "A Note-book in Northern Spain" try twelve times, and fail on every occasion?

The *reja* of the Capilla Mayor is magnificent, and merits close study. That to the *coro* is also very fine. The work in both unites solidity with beauty of detail in a remarkable manner.

The cloisters are good and in them is the very modern-looking *reja* of Moorish tent chains.

Close to the gate of San Nicholas is a little church erected to the memory of Ignatius Loyola, on the spot where he received the famous wound which determined his career. It should certainly be visited. The pattern of the altar rails, into which is worked sheathed swords, should be noticed. The altar front of white marble is inlaid with a representation of a citadel and cannons. There is an inscription, relating to the foundation of the church, on a slab of black marble on the interior of the south wall.

The guide books referred to a so-called Sarasate Museum. I inquired diligently, but was assured none existed. The house where this celebrated violinist was born is Calle San Nicholas, 19. A large marble slab on the first floor records this fact.

An excursion can be made from Pamplona to the birth-place of St. Francis Xavier, which I only know from photographs in the shop windows, as I had not time to go there.

TUDELA.

The line from Pamplona to Tudela is full of interest. First, one passes a wonderfully long aqueduct, a model of patient work. On the left is a series of stockades between the stations of Biurrun and Carrascal. These wooden hoardings are strongly built and supported by railway rails. They are snow-breakers, put up to protect the line against the drifts which in winter sweep down the gorges of the neighbouring mountains.

Many churches with external cloisters exist about here.

In the station of Tafalla, a "Bodega" (see p. 189) close to the line may be seen.

A first-class authority on Spain has told me of a picturesque incident which takes place every year on the frontier between Spanish and French Navarre. On a certain day, a representative of Spanish Navarre throws a knife across the boundary, and thus claims sovereign rights. These rights are recognized by French Navarre, some of the inhabitants leading over a white bull and formally presenting it to their Spanish lords.

Olite, with its castle and the curious spire of its church, looks extremely picturesque from the train; I wished I could have spent an hour or two there, but the trains did not fit.

At Tudela I really expected something primitive as regards accommodation, and was glad not to be obliged to dine there. But my fears were unfounded. The Hotel Union was clean and airy, the dining-room, into which I glanced, had the bright pleasant look of very white linen and very clear glass usual in Spanish dining-rooms, the people were pleasant, and the bill seemed ludicrously small. There was a hotel porter at the station who brought the things on a little cart, while I walked in about ten minutes.

I set off early next morning for the Colegiata, which is very near the hotel. Street's account of it is well known. However, in order that travellers may have a portion of it on the spot, I quote from it here. "The Cathedral dedicated to Sta. Maria at Tudela is one of the same noble class of churches as those of Tarragona and Lérida, and quite worthy in itself of a long pilgrimage. . . . It is slightly earlier in date than the churches just mentioned." (It was commenced A.D. 1135, and finished 1188.) "Its scale is fairly good, without approaching to being grand, and thus it affords a good illustration of the great power which the mediæval architects undoubtedly possessed of giving an impression of vastness, even with very moderate dimensions, and of securing a thoroughly cathedral-like effect in a building much smaller in all its dimensions than the ordinary cathedral of the Middle Ages. No power is more to be desired by an architect; none marks more distinctly the abyss between the artist and the mere mechanical builder; and none has been more lost sight of during the three centuries which have elapsed since the eclipse of the pointed style in the sixteenth century. . . . The north transept is now the least altered part of the church. . . . It recalls to mind an English building of the thirteenth century. . . . There are three grand doorways, one to each transept and one at the west end." Speaking of the west door, Street goes on to say, "I know little even of French carving of the thirteenth century which surpasses this beautiful work, and none anywhere which more entirely deserves our admiration, or which may more worthily kindle our emulation. . . . I may with safety class this small church at Tudela as among the very best it has been my good fortune to visit in any part of Europe."¹

¹ Street, pp. 391, 393, 394.

The *reja* to the *coro* is of wood, and is sculptured and painted in so good an imitation of iron that none of the writers in the guide books seem to have noticed that it is not so. The chain



TUDELA : SOUTH DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

at the north end of the *retablo* was one of those belonging to the Moorish General's tent, and was taken by the King of Navarre at Las Navas de Tolosa. "Nava is an old word signifying a

small plain among the mountains. It is contained in the name of Navarre." Las Navas de Tolosa are certain small upland valleys in the Sierra Morena, which divides Castille from Andalusia.¹ Other portions of these chains are preserved in a *reja* at Pamplona Cathedral. The arms of Navarre bear a chain in memory of this event.

Both here and at Burgos there is a sort of family pew between the *coro* and the Capilla Mayor.

The west door defies the photographer to take it in its completeness, it is so terribly hemmed in by houses.

The sculpture in the cloisters is extremely beautiful, but unfortunately the openings have been to a large extent built in, and this entirely ruins their general effect.

"In Spain, during the second half of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth, an interesting class of buildings was erected in which the pointed arch occurs in the vaulting and in the main arcades, but which nevertheless remains strictly Romanesque in character; that is to say, these buildings are massive structures in which there is never any concentration of vault thrusts, nor any Gothic system of buttresses."² Of these, he continues, the Collegiate church of Tudela, the Abbey church of Veruela, the Cathedral of Lérida, and others are examples.

The splendid *inner* portal of the west door of La Magdalena must be seen. The church is not very easy to find so it will be wise to take a boy if pressed for time.

There is a very curious bridge, half a mile long, over the Ebro.

From Tudela travellers should proceed to Tarazona and Borja (see time table, p. 24). To my great regret, the time at my disposal would not allow of this.

¹ "Spain," p. 114.

² Moore, p. 194.

ZARAGOZA.

I am obliged to rank Zaragoza with Valladolid as one of the few large towns of Spain which can be seen in half a day.

The new Cathedral can best be appreciated from the outside, though one must enter for a few moments to see the chapel of the Virgin of the Pillar.

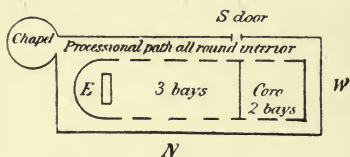
The *Seo*, or old Cathedral, should, however, be visited first, as off it opens the parish church (first chapel to the left), which closes early and is worth seeing. I thought the general internal effect of the old gray Cathedral very pleasing, especially from the west end of the aisles, where the spring of the vaulting is particularly well seen and makes the building look like a closely-growing palm forest. There is a good deal of interest in the church, which is fully described by Murray, but none of the books refer to the crossed swords on the columns at the entrance to the Capilla Mayor. I was told by a sacristan that these are the four swords with which Pedro Arbues de Epila was quartered in 1485, on the steps immediately under the lantern. There is a sculptured representation of the so-called martyrdom of this ferocious inquisitor, in white marble, on the outer wall of the *coro*, opposite the chapel dedicated to his memory. He was canonized in 1667.

The alabaster *retablo* behind the high altar is thought by some to be the finest in Spain. It is certainly a very remarkable piece of work.

The Church of San Pablo has a feature I have seen nowhere else, except in a Cathedral or a collegiate church. Its *coro* is in the nave, though so much towards the west end that it looks as if it had been bodily dropped out of the usual gallery above.

The plan of the whole church is rather original ; I give a rough sketch of it, which however is not drawn to scale.

The north aisle is only half the width of the south aisle.



The columns which support the vaulting of the nave are broken off (or appear to be so) above the floor, without resting on corbels.

The Castillo de la Aljaferia should be visited for the sake of its magnificent ceilings. The hotel people can give a pass. They may also offer a guide, but it is unnecessary to take one.

The leaning tower, formerly so conspicuous a feature in views of Zaragoza, has now been taken down. Many doors, both here and at Tudela and Pamplona, are studded with good iron nails.

LÉRIDA.

I cannot advise a visit to Lérida unless travellers have a letter from some very high military quarter in Spain which may enable them to obtain an order to see the old Cathedral.

I expected almost insurmountable difficulties, but stopped at Lérida on the chance of overcoming them. It was however no use. I called on the governor of the fortress (he lives close to the Hotel Suiza) and begged permission to enter the enclosure where stands the Cathedral, now a barrack. He was charmingly polite, but absolutely firm ; it was, he said, impossible, to his great regret, to allow it. Perhaps the imminence of war made him even more particular than usual.

So I was landed at Lérida till next morning with very little to see, and that of little interest. Better than third-rate sights,

however, was an episode which occurred in connection with them.

I inquired the way to the new Cathedral, and a dignified elderly person, in rather ragged clothes and a purple cap, offered to show it. It was at some distance, and having seen its repulsive interior I strolled on elsewhere, my friend stalking along by me to point out the way. When I had exhausted the extremely limited objects of interest in Lérida, I thanked my guide and offered him a suitable tip. He drew back, putting out his hand with a gesture of refusal, and would not hear of taking anything, though I pressed it on him. I could but beg his pardon, and thank him again with a shake of the hand, leaving him with a pleasant recollection of his courtly, reserved and typical bearing.

The children of Lérida were rather troublesome, following in troops and calling out "Frances! Frances!" The grown-up people, however, soon checked them.

MANRESA.

The next morning when I started for Manresa it was very cold. Snow lay in patches by the line and large icicles hung from the rocks, while a bitter wind rushed down from the Pyrenees.

I passed the junction for Huesca with regret, but had not time to go there.

At Manresa I made an interesting discovery. I believe it really is a discovery as far as English people are concerned. It was nothing less than the chapel erected in memory of the week's trance of St. Ignatius Loyola. I heard of this building quite by accident. Having seen the Collegiate church I asked

the sacristan, who had from the terrace pointed out the cave, "Where was Loyola buried?" I did not then remember that he died at Rome. The man pointed out the way to a church, telling me to follow up the left bank of the little torrent which here comes down to join the river. I did so, and found the church of Sant Ignacio where Loyola had the trance. Above



MANRESA.

the chapel is a priest's house, and by mounting three flights of stairs one reaches a door. When the bell is rung it will be opened by a priest, who will unlock the chapel at hours when it is usually closed. When I entered I had a real surprise. The church seemed ordinary enough, but opening off it by a short passage to the north of the chancel I entered a memorial chapel. Here, on a large sheet of glass lay a beautifully carved

life-size marble figure of the saint clothed in his own robe and girdle. The figure lay rather on its side, exactly as if the man it represented had suddenly fallen. The following inscription is on a marble tablet close by :—"San Ignacio orando en esta capilla quedó arrebatado ; cayó el cuerpo en el suelo sobre los mismos ladrillos que hoy se ven y adoran : Subió el espíritu al cielo y vió la gran religion que habia de fundar bajo el nombre de Jesús, su blazon fiel, instituto, su propoganda en los dos mundos, sus empresas, conquistas y victorias ; sus obras, santidad y martirios. Ocho dias duró la vision ; lugar memorable para el rapto del San Ignacio y por la revelacion de la Compañia de Jesus." On the walls hung pictures illustrating the life of St. Ignatius, and against the central column was his own holy water stoup. On the door to the north of the altar was a marble tablet, with an inscription saying that this was the door by which St. Ignatius always entered the adjoining hospital. What this chapel originally was I cannot say ; probably a passage from the church to the hospital close by.

I longed to photograph the figure, but it was getting dusk, and I feared it was impossible.

San Ignacio Loyola was born in 1491, wounded on May 20th 1521, converted a week later, consecrated his life to our Lady of Monserrat in 1522, and spent the following year at Manresa. After that he went to Rome, and thence to the Holy Land, returning to Spain in 1527. Here he was imprisoned by the Inquisition.¹ In 1528 he went to Paris. From 1536 till his

¹ "First introduced into Aragon in the early part of the thirteenth century for the special benefit of the Albigenses, the Inquisition, contrary to what its apologists have maintained, was never to the taste of the Spanish people. It required all the authority of the Church, then rapidly growing into its monopoly of power and absorbing all the wealth and intellect of the kingdom, to force it upon a reluctant nation."—"Spain," p. 288.

death in 1556, at the age of sixty-five, he was at Rome, where he is buried. The account of his celebrated week's trance is as follows:—One Saturday, at the hour of complines, St. Ignatius fell down at this spot in a trance. A great number of men and women, believing him to be dead, would have made arrangements for his burial, had not one of them noticed that his heart was still feebly beating. This marvellous condition continued till the following Saturday at the same hour, when, in the presence of several persons, he awoke as if from sleep. During the trance the plan of the Jesuit order was revealed to him.

In the church of San Dominic will be found the heavy wooden cross which St. Ignatius used to carry, and the image of the Virgin which he believed spoke to him. The saint lived for some time at the monastery of San Dominic.

There is a small chapel close to the well where St. Ignatius performed his first miracle. At the mouth of the well he saw a little girl weeping because a chicken left in her care had fallen in. Touched by her grief, the saint knelt down and prayed, whereupon the water immediately rose to the brim of the well and the chicken was rescued.

For the details I have given of the life of St. Ignatius, I am indebted to "*La Vie de Saint Ignace de Loyola, par le P. Charles Clair, S. J.*" (Paris, 1891).

The cave where Loyola wrote his book is inclosed in a large Jesuit college and church and is entered from the east end of the north aisle by a long gallery. Over the door is a miracle-working crucifix which belonged to St. Ignatius, and within, behind a movable wooden panel, is the cross which he scraped with his finger-nail on the rock.

There are charming walks over the hills round the exquisitely situated town of Manresa. The best view I have seen of Montserrat is from the train between here and Monistrol the

jagged outline of the mountain rising above a beautiful foreground of southern vegetation, with the river flowing below.

I visited Perpignan on the way home, thinking that the churches there would form an interesting sequel to those of Catalonia. I was not disappointed, for the Cathedral, Eglise Real, and Church of St. Nicolas all boasted of stupendously broad single naves. But it is Spain which concerns this book, and with my return to Barcelona my last tour ended. May the reader commence as pleasant a one there as those I am able to look back upon! Let me heartily give him as he enters the country, the national salutation:

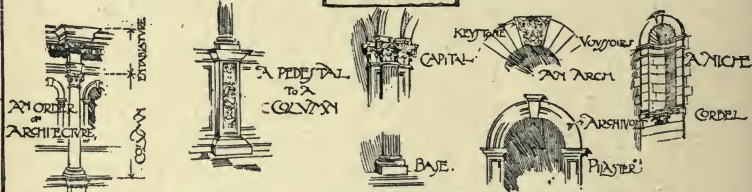
“Vaya usted con Dios!”

POSTSCRIPT.—Spain, since she lost her colonies, has turned her attention more and more to home affairs, and the improvement even in so short a time must be visible to even the casual traveller. The excellent reception accorded to the King on his visit to Barcelona in April, 1904, appears to have surprised the English press, the columns of which frequently contain accounts of anarchist risings in that city, which those staying there at the time—I speak for my husband and myself, and Mr. Roberts, the British Consul, fully bears out my statement—have known nothing of. There still hangs a veil of mystery over the country that alarms many a would-be traveller, and which nothing but the evidence of his own eyes will wholly dispel. If he will trust me a little he will go to that charming land, and perhaps let me know afterwards of any error to which this little book has lent currency. The first edition brought me many a kindly letter from friendly strangers, and frequently a correspondent remarked, “The more I see of Spain, the more I am delighted with the country and people.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ARCHITECTURAL TERMS

INTERNAL FEATURES

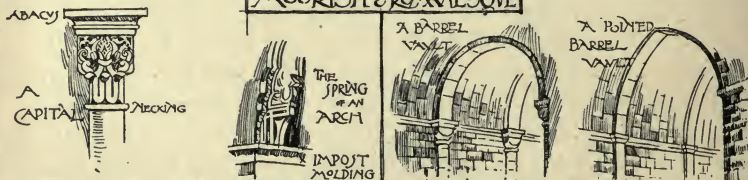
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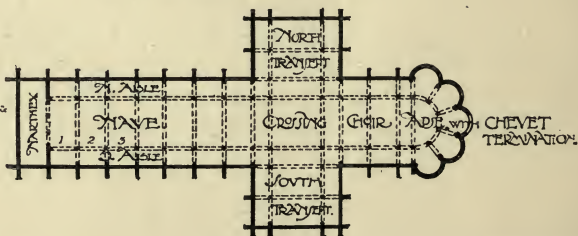
MOORISH & ROMANESQUE



PLAN OF A CATHEDRAL.

NOTE

EACH OF THE DIVISIONS 1, 2, 3 & 4 IS CALLED A BAY

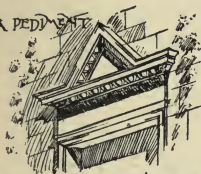


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EXTERNAL FEATURES

RENAISSANCE

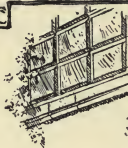
A PEDIMENT



A CORONA
D. DED. MOLD



A CORNICE
& FRIEZE



"RUSTICATED"
MASONRY



SOME
BALUSTERS

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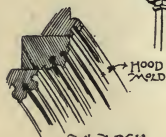
CROCKET



PINNACLE.

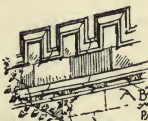


AN
ARCH



HOOD
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AN ARCH
MOLD



A BATTLE-
MENTED
PARAPET



A
FLYING
BUTTRESS.

WEATHERING.

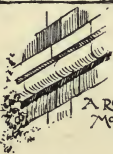
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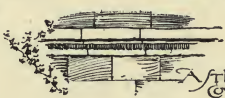
A CORBEL
TABLE



FILLET



A ROLL
MOLDING.

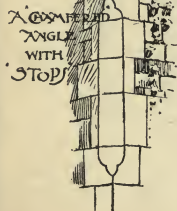


A STRING
COURSE



BILLET
MOLDING

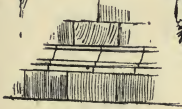
GENERAL



A CORNERED
ANGLE
WITH
STOPS



A BELL
CAPITAL



A PINNTH



A TYMPANUM
TO A DOORWAY



AN
ABACUS

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